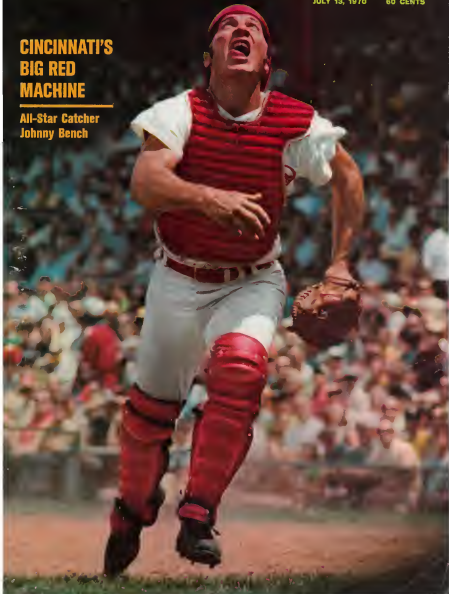


Sports Illustrated

JULY 13, 1970 60 CENTS

CINCINNATI'S BIG RED MACHINE

All-Star Catcher
Johnny Bench





It's an Old Forester kind of day.

And in the past 100 years there's been a lot of them.

For 100 years, people who enjoy the taste of a great Kentucky Bourbon have turned to Old Forester.



At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

Brown-Forman Distillers
Corporation, Louisville
Kentucky ©1970

This page should end our high-priced image.

When your image is a lot loftier than your prices, there's only one thing you can do: tell people your prices. The following then are our prices. They've been devised to cover any period of time and any reason you'd need a car.

You'll generally find them not much more than the so-called "Bargain" people. This should surprise a lot of you.

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At most Hertz offices in the United States and Canada we'll rent you a Ford sedan for a weekend (good from Friday noon to Monday noon, 2-day minimum) or full 2-day holiday for \$7.47 a day and 10¢ a mile.

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Our daily rate varies from place to place. And since there are no hidden extras in it, and gas and insurance are included, it's usually the same as a lot of smaller companies who seem to be less.



Hertz

You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

Special situation rates.

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We have rates for everybody. They start at \$7.47 a day.

We even have a rate for a car if your own car is stolen!

With the exception of our regular daily rate, the special rates mentioned so far are not available at all Hertz offices. They apply to good, clean intermediate or standard Fords or similar sedans. Gas is not included in these rates, although insurance is.

If you want a Lincoln Continental, or a Ford Thunderbird, or a station wagon, or a truck, or a sports car, we have rates for those, too. All you have to do is reserve them.

Should you like more details on any or all of these rates, call your travel agent. Or call us. All you have to know is what kind of car you'd like and how long you'd like it for. The Hertz girl will figure out the lowest rate for you.

This kind of service may help maintain our high priced image. But we're not worried. The price will destroy it.

Make yourself comfortable.



Comfort is what you get with our miracle plastic coating.

'The Spoiler.'

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THE TOUGHEST CHICAGO, Viking Quarterback Joe Kapp never backs a fight. He tells how he became a man of machismo in the first of a three-part series with Jack Olsen.

SWIM LIKE A FISH! Even the most habitudinized dog-paddler can make pool life a pleasure if he heeds the clear instructions of Dr. James Counsilman, coach of champions.

LUCK OF THE IRISH brought Dick Andrews a champion greyhound racer and helps him recover the loot for his insurance company after Miami's biggest jewel thefts.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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There are uncertainties in the magazine business, but as of this writing we here on SI feel reasonably confident that a considerable proportion of our editorial mail over the next few weeks will be postmarked "Boston, Mass." Some of it friendly, some of it unfriendly, much of it full of facts and figures, and all of it impassioned, this correspondence will come from readers moved to write us in response to what Frank Deford has said about the city in the article beginning on page 54.

We can predict this because we have published studies of cities before (San Francisco in Jan. 15, 1962, for example, New York in Aug. 3, 1964, Baltimore in Oct. 10, 1966, Buffalo in Jan. 20, 1969) and the response has invariably proved immediate and vehement. It may be a salutary sign in this era of supposed rootlessness, urban decay and indifference that the inhabitants of America's great cities take their citizenship so to heart and react so personally to what we say about them, and it is a demonstrable fact that they do. Even passing references to cities in stories devoted to events that take place in them often draw more epistolary comment than the events themselves.

Curiously enough, according to many of our roving reporters, one of the worst things you can say about a city is that it is indifferent to sport. "It is obviously important to Americans," says Deford, "to have their city labeled a GOOD SPORTS TOWN. Sports and climate, these seem to be what matter. If you say, for instance, that a city has bad slums or a corrupt government, its citizens will often shrug in helpless agreement and say, 'Sure, sure, but we have some real nice sections here and our taxes keep low.' But say their city has punk weather or won't support a ball team and you're in instant trouble.

"In every city I go to," adds Deford, who goes to a lot of cities, "I am told that this was once a great fight town. In every city I go to, I am told that 'we have a great reputation

here for showing up for games at the very last minute.' Wherever you go, if the local team is not drawing, they will give you 50 reasons why, and none of them has anything to do with the quality of the team itself."

Deford himself doesn't believe there is really such a thing as a "good sports town," but the quality of the fans does vary from town to town and Frank has his own set of indices for measuring it. "If people jaywalk regularly in a city," he says, "the crowds at sports events in that city are likely to be lively and enthusiastic." On the other hand, in cities where it is customary to bring transistor radios to the game the fans tend to be rather leaden, preferring to let the sportscasters express their emotions for them. Eastern fans, for the most part, says Deford, are more demonstrative and rougher on the players than those in the West.

There is one constant in every city's attitude toward sport that our current urbanologist claims to have isolated, and that constant is self-consciousness. "Whatever the season," says Frank, "and whatever the city, the sports that draw the best are those that attract the town's 'in crowd,' the citizens who can lend them some class."

It may be that, despite his secret enjoyment of it, the city slicker even today feels that there is an aura of the tank town out at the ball park. However that may be, the cities that tend to be the least sensitive about their attitude toward sports are those, such as Boston, that are most secure in their championship of other concerns, among them painting or music. Like some famed concert violinist caught out at a folk-rock festival, they see no reason either to conceal or affirm their enthusiasm for another art form. They just swing with it.

Rich Munro

Singin' in the rain.

Or heat. Or cold. Those are some of the things the TFM-8100W was made for. Because it's rubber sealed to resist moisture. It can even be knocked down by the wind. Because the heavy duty fiber glass cabinet is unbreakable.

What's more, this 3-band (FM/AM/VHF weather, 162.55 mc) portable has the newly developed Sony Light Emitting Diode. It's an indicator that helps you tune the radio by brightening

to red when a station is properly tuned.

There's a collapsible antenna. A shoulder strap. And a fine, rich sound (but that's nothing new for us).

So next time you plan to spend a lot of time outdoors, take the Sony all-weather portable along. And take a raincoat, just in case.

Nothing will happen to the radio. But we wouldn't want you to catch cold.

The SONY All-Weather Radio.



Tom Weiskopf and American Red Ball, two moving pros, compare driving techniques.



Tom Weiskopf, one of golf's longest drivers and a top money winner on the PGA tour.

"Good driving is a matter of fundamentals. The most important thing is to make sure that your equipment fits. Clubs are as different as people. Ask your pro to help you pick the size that's right for you. Once you get your clubs, practice.

The drive should be the easiest shot in golf. After all, the ball is just sitting there on the tee begging to be hit. But the biggest mistake golfers make is hurrying and jumping at the ball before their backswing is complete.

After a momentary pause at the top of my backswing, the first downward move I make is to plant my left heel solidly on the ground. This lets me get maximum thrust into the ball and maximum distance."

Tom Radigan, Radigan & McGilly Moving & Storage, Cleveland, Ohio, American Red Ball agent.

"Good driving is a matter of fundamentals on the highway as well, Tom. Our drivers average over ten years experience, but they still rely on the fundamentals. As far as equipment goes, we use the best.

The drive, whether cross country or across town has to be easy on furniture, dishes, everything we're moving. That's why we use specially designed packing cartons, extra furniture padding and vans with air ride suspension.

Our first move is to protect floors with red carpet runners, symbol of exclusive Red Carpet Service. Once everything is loaded, it's secured with nylon logistic straps. This insures a smooth drive, no matter what the distance."

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CALL **AMERICAN RED BALL**



We've made moving a spectator sport.

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Write us and enclose \$1 for an original full color 20" x 26" History of Sports poster or see your local American Red Ball agent.

Check The Reason You're Hard Nosed About Your Favorite Soft Drink.



☐ My soft drink has made me the real thing. Now I can sit around a meadow all day singing to my hamster.



☐ My soft drink has made me part of the now generation. So I bought an electric ukelele and ran away with the costume designer from O Calcutta.



☐ My soft drink has the taste I never get tired of. During the intermission of 2001, I had 347 bottles, two peanut butter sandwiches and a slight stomach cramp.



☐ My soft drink is a non-cola. It's clear. So I can stare through the glass and see many weird things.

NOW CHECK SOME HARD FACTS ABOUT AN ISOTONIC DRINK CALLED QUICKICK.[®]

1. Our Isotonic Drink . . .

tastes good, and it does something for you, too. It's scientifically formulated to boost your energy and quench your thirst. It picks you up, so you can go right out and do it all over again.

2. Our Isotonic Drink . . .

goes right to work. It doesn't hang around your stomach making sloshing noises.

3. Our Isotonic Drink . . .

is endorsed by all sorts of top pro athletes, coaches and trainers. Sometimes even Fruu-Fruu the Snake Boy.

4. Our Isotonic Drink . . .

not only tastes wet, wild, young, real, new and now, it is. And it's also carbonated, in citrus flavor only, or non-carbonated in lemon-lime, orange, grape, punch, in your favorite store or supermarket.



[Take a hard look at your soft drink. If you get down on it, pick up on Quickick. It'll pick you up, too.]
Quickick. When Nothing Else Works.



In three weeks he may be dead.

In the beautiful woods and valleys of eastern Oklahoma time is running out. Up to fifty percent of the newborn fawns are being lost each year because of ticks.

When large numbers of these crab-like pests attack a healthy young deer, he cannot live for more than a few weeks.

And it isn't just deer that are affected. Ticks will attack virtually any land animal or bird they can get hold of.

But there is a way to control these marauders—kill them on the ground where they breed.

To do this, the Oklahoma Department of Wildlife Conservation together with Oklahoma State University are using Shell's Gardona®, an insecticide. A mere pound to an acre

can kill the resident tick population for up to nine weeks.

Yet it will not harm animals, birds, plants or people.

Shell has also funded a grant to Oklahoma State University's Department of Entomology for more intensive study on the control of ticks.

Shell's concern with wildlife is only part of an all-out program to help save our environment. So far we've backed our commitment with millions of dollars a year in the war against pollution.

And we're moving as fast as we can.

Because, like the fawn, we're all running short on time.



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE

Pro football fans around San Francisco are beginning to steam a little because the Oakland Raiders apparently will not allow their big game next Dec. 20 in Oakland with the San Francisco 49ers to be telecast. Despite the NFL policy of blacking out local telecasts, the New York Jets will televise their game next fall with the New York Giants, and the Los Angeles Rams will do the same with their game against the San Diego Chargers. Both are local rivalries like the Raiders and 49ers, and the games, like the one in Oakland, are sellouts.

The decision to televise is up to the home club, but the Raiders say a local telecast would be unfair to those who have gone to the trouble and expense of buying season tickets. That is the standard NFL position, but the 49ers argue that the game should be shown on TV because their season-ticket holders are being shut out. They can't see the game in Oakland and they can't see it on television, even though it is technically an away game which should be televised back to San Francisco.

The issue even got to the California legislature, where two assemblymen, in a joint resolution, urged the Raider management to change its mind and lift the local blackout.

FITHT COMMENT

Two of the girls on the women's pro golf tour, Jane Blalock and Jan Ferraris, blissfully ignore one of the bugaboos of the competitive athlete when they ride from tourney to tourney in Jan's Jaguar. Its license plate reads: CHOKO.

WESTERN CIVILIZATION

The West Coast is having a little trouble winning championships in professional sports. The Dodgers' last World Series victory was five years ago and the rest—Padres, Chargers, Angels, Rams, Kings, Giants, Warriors, Raiders, Athletics, SuperSonics, ad infinitum—

have been consistent also-rans. But don't let that blind you to the perennial truth that in collegiate circles the Golden West is the absolute king of the hill. During the 1969-70 academic year, Pacific Eight Conference colleges won national collegiate championships in basketball (UCLA), baseball (USC), track and field (California), crew (Washington), tennis (UCLA), volleyball (UCLA) and water polo (UCLA), and in football USC knocked off Michigan in the Rose Bowl (all right, all right, Texas was voted No. 1). Pacific Eight athletes also won individual national titles in cross country (Gerry Lindgren of Washington State), gymnastics (Yoshi Hayasaki of Washington), and tennis (Jeff Borowiak of UCLA), won nine of 18 individual events in the NCAA swim championships and seven of 21 individual events in NCAA track.

Now if there were only some way of instilling that winning spirit in the also-ran pros.

A WORLD THAT WAS

Harold S. (Mike) Vanderbilt, who died last Saturday, two days before his 86th birthday, was unique in sport. A fabulously wealthy man, he had an acute, perceptive mind and the reflexes and drive of the superb athlete. In the 1920s he developed the now universal game of contract bridge from the static old form called auction bridge and displayed remarkable prowess at the game he had invented. He later achieved even greater international fame as the skipper who successfully defended yachting's America's Cup against three successive challenges—in 1930, 1934 and 1937—in the days of the majestic J boats.

In the 1950s, when the cup races were revived almost two decades after Vanderbilt's last successful defense, new rules were proposed calling for 12-meter yachts, a more economical design about half the size of the old boats. Vanderbilt was stung by this retreat from tra-

dition and volunteered to pay the cost of building a multimillion-dollar J boat himself, if a challenger could be found. He asked SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to help. Eventually, Stavros Niarchos agreed to race on behalf of Greece, but certain strictures in the rules made it impossible for Niarchos to build an acceptable craft, and the gigantic J boats passed into history. Vanderbilt had suffered one of his rare failures—but it had been a splendid gesture.

On any count, he was a towering figure. As an admirer said in Newport, shortly after Vanderbilt's death, "Apart from being a fine old gentleman, he was a damned accomplished one."

RIPOSTE

Al McGuire, the sometimes truculent, always aggressive basketball coach at Marquette University in Milwaukee, has gone to the mat with members of the teaching staff a few times on behalf of those of his players who might have been a little shaky in the classroom. Now McGuire treasures this tongue-in-cheek counterattack from Hugo Hellman, a speech professor at Marquette:



"Dear Al,

Remembering our discussions of your basketball players who are having trouble in English, I have decided to ask you in turn for help. We feel that Paul Spindles, one of our most promising scholars, has a chance for a Rhodes scholarship, which would be a great thing for him and for our college. Paul has the ac-

continued



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Choose Tourney I, II, or III to match your shaft flex.

LONG
OFF
THE
TEE

SCORECARD *continued*

ademic record for this award but, ideally, he should have a good record in athletics, too. However, Paul is weak. He tries hard but he has trouble with his eyes.

We propose that you give special consideration to Paul as a varsity player, playing him at center if possible. In this way we can show a better all-round college record to the committee deciding on Rhodes scholarships.

We fully realize that Paul will be a problem on the court but, as you have often said, cooperation between our department and yours is highly desirable, and we do expect Paul will try hard. His work in the English club and on the debating team will force him to miss many practices, but we intend to see that he shows up for all games.

Thank you for your cooperation, and best regards,

Hugo Hellman."

HOW BE GOGO BOYS

Tongue-in-cheek letters seem to be the thing. Art Parruck, the imaginative general manager of the Jacksonville Suns of the Southern League, recently posted this notice on the locker-room bulletin board: "To all players. It has been brought to my attention by several anonymous telephone callers that scrambling for flying objects in the grandstands and bleachers creates a potential risk of injury to patrons therein. In order to alleviate this problem, please be advised that effective this date you are not to hit any baseballs into the seating area. All baseballs are to be hit, sharply, into fair territory between the foul lines, preferably out of reach of the defense. It should be noted that the seating area does not extend beyond the outfield fence, and it is permissible to propel batted balls over the barrier. As a matter of fact, the management encourages this practice."

ODD TRADE MART

Don't blame the summer heat if you read someday soon that Wilt Chamberlain, the basketball player, has been traded for Bobby Hull, the hockey player, Jack Kent Cooke, whose Los Angeles Lakers have not won the NBA championship with Chamberlain the last two years, desperately needs a gate attraction—someone like Hull—for his Los Angeles Kings

hockey team. In turn, Bill Wirtz, who owns the Chicago Black Hawks and wants to trade Hull and his \$100,000 salary, would love to see the Chicago Bulls acquire an instant ticket-seller like Chamberlain, since landlord Wirtz gets a percentage of the gate if the Bulls draw crowds beyond a certain figure.

If the rumor were to become fact, the Black Hawks would trade Hull to the Kings for a couple of minor hockey names, and the Lakers would trade Chamberlain to the Bulls for cash or a player or a future draft choice or two. In essence, though, the deal would be Chamberlain for Hull. Where's Frank Lane?

SIMULATED SPOTS

East African conservationists report again that illegal slaughter of spotted cats continues at an alarming rate—and will as long as poaching remains profitable. Two years ago fashionable New York and Paris furrier Jacques Kaplan placed newspaper ads asking women to cool it with the cats for at least 20 years lest the animals become extinct. He has continued to honor his own pledge not to sell feline furs, but even so his new winter collection, revealed this spring, seems to say, "If you can't join 'em, lick 'em." As reported (SI, July 14, 1969), the mortal enemy of the wild cat is a rich woman. Kaplan now offers this predator all the spotted furs her heart and purse desire. What he does is photograph the natural cat skins, screen the patterns and impose them on white mink. The price tag for a Somali leopard coat ordinarily reads \$25,000 (six or seven pelts are required), but Kaplan's spotted mink is yours for \$2,000. Now, what could be more humanitarian than that?

WHO'S GOT THE POWER?

Everybody knows the National League hits a lot harder than the American, right? Look at the list of leading home-run hitters, Frank Howard and Harmon Killebrew, No. 1 men in the American League as the pennant races turned into July, would barely make the top five in the National.

However, there is one nagging statistic that confuses the issue. While Howard and Killebrew were languishing far behind Perez, Bench & Co., the weak American Leaguers had hit a total of 839 homers to the National Leaguers' 802, which means the latter could have

had another Perez in action and still been behind. Moreover, the American League has hit more homers than the National in nine of the last 10 years.

It's not necessarily significant, but it should make Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx and those other sainted American League sluggers of the past rest a bit easier.

LOST AND FOUND RIDER

The adage says you can't change horses in midstream, but recently at Charles Town, W. Va., Jockey James Thornton changed horses en midrace. He started out on Native Bird, but his mount collided with Kandi Arm and both jockeys were thrown. On his way down, Thornton grabbed desperately at Kandi Arm, swung under the other horse's stomach, came up on the far side, held on and finished the seven-furlong race. Out of the money, unfortunately, thus precluding some mighty interesting discussions around the cashiers' windows.

AUTUMN PROMISE

ABC's return to pro football this fall (with Monday night games) is welcome for three things: 1) Happy Howard Cosell will be the fun-loving color man, 2) O. J. Simpson, who did such an impressive job on the Coaches All-America game telecast a couple of weeks ago, will be the resident football expert when his schedule permits and 3) instead of that marching-band-at-halftime nonsense, ABC will run film-clip highlights of all the pro football games played the day before.

It may not be a breathtaking package, but it sure beats *Where's Huddles?*

THEY SAID IT

- Jan Johnson, 19, of Kansas, who won the NCAA pole vault at 17' 7", on his chances of clearing 18 feet: "I'm sure I'll do it when I get a little older. Heck, I don't even shave yet. I can't grow the stuff."
- Tommy Helms, who is hitting about 50 points less than the Cincinnati Reds' team average (see page 12) and is the low-hitting regular on the team: "You've heard of the Big Red Machine? I'm just a hubcap."
- Gene Mauch, Montreal Expos manager, on hearing of a battle between teenage groups in Brooklyn in which one side had faulty ammunition that fell out of the gun barrels: "They must have been an expansion gang."

END

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THE CINCY CANNONBALL

Powered by home runs and juiced up with pitching, Cincinnati's Big Red Machine has been running through the National League West. The question is, can the machine hum in a brand-new stadium? **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

When they win they refer to themselves as The Big Red Machine, as in, "The Big Red Machine won again. Let's hear it for the machine! Yeah, machine!" When they lose. . . . But that's the point. When do they lose? A straining National League has been asking itself the question through spring and into early summer. As of last weekend the Cincinnati Reds were 32 games above .500 and 9½ games ahead of the Los Angeles Dodgers. The longest losing streak they had known all season had stopped at two.

Now, the Dodgers are a good baseball team. Were they in the Easy, Easy East this year they would be running away from all those Metsies, Pirates, Cubsies and Cardinals. But they are in the West, and their view of the pennant race is not remarkably different from the one greeting visitors to Cincinnati: a forest of big red machine stackers parked on the rear of what seems like every car in town.

Not since 1955 and the old Brooklyn Dodgers has a club in, traditionally, baseball's tightest league entered the month of July playing over .700 ball. Yet last week, as the Reds transferred from Crosley Field to their new home in Riverfront Stadium, the San Francisco Giants, who had not begun their desperate flight to (as always) second place, were so far out of the race that their franchise was barely breathing, and supposedly contending Houston was 20 games out of first place. Most of baseball was in awe of the machine, and well it should be. At a time when expansion has ob-

viously thinned out the talent in the majors the Reds have arrived with a busload of stars. By last weekend they had hit 110 homers. Tony Perez, with 25, and Johnny Bench (see cover), with 25, are close to the pace that Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle set back in 1961 when they collected 115 between them. Perez is known as a big RBI man, having driven in 122 runners in 1969 (he has 84 so far this year), but Bench, at 22, is now in the same class. Not only can he hit, but he is a superb fielding catcher. Only 16 bases have been stolen against Bench and his infrequent substitute, Pat Corrales, this year. They have thrown out 20 runners. An aggressive running team counts on succeeding in at least two out of every three attempted steals. "When John Bench throws," says Harry Dalton, the director of player personnel of the Baltimore Orioles, "everybody in baseball drools."

As a matter of fact, it is the Reds who have been stealing the bases. Ted Williams, a close observer of talent and styles, noted the other day, "Sure they can hit. Anybody can see that. But what most people do not realize is how well the Reds run." Pete Rose always seems to be sliding headfirst into some base, and Bobby Tolan, the .300 hitting centerfielder, has stolen 26 bases.

Wes Parker of the Dodgers, a realist, examined the plight of his club recently and said, "It's possible for Cincinnati to be caught, but someone else is going to have to start beating them. We're not going to take them down alone. We've jelled now, but a lot depends on

how well they stay together. They got out quick and good and we've yet to have our run."

Last week the Reds opened their new stadium to a crowd of 51,050, the largest ever to see a sports contest in Cincinnati, and next week the team will play host to the annual All-Star Game. After that, the Reds must face up to the most trying part of their season, one that will test a pitching staff that some consider still questionable. Beginning on July 16 they play 27 games in 25 days. The experience could be excruciating.

One Dodger who thinks the schedule might prove too much for the Reds is Claude Osteen, a thinking man's pitcher. "Their pitching has been great to date," he said last week, "but I felt that the last time we faced them it was starting to fade a bit. Their pitchers weren't as sharp; they didn't have as much control as they had the first time we faced them. We had a clubhouse meeting to talk over what could be done about catching them and we decided we're going to have to play our game and forget what they're doing. When it's all over we'll look up and see who's in first."

Osteen believes that the move to Riverfront Stadium from cozy little Crosley Field with its short fences could hurt the Reds. "They're a power club and power is great in the big-scoring games. But when things are tight, power hitters begin to press and are not always con-

continued

Slugging Tony Perez leads the league in home runs and runs batted in, is second in batting.



sistem. You're going to see a tremendous number of one-run games, and those cheap shots over that left-field fence will be gone. This will bother them. The closer games make your approach to pitching to a batter totally different."

The other day Manager Sparky Anderson was sitting in his accustomed seat—front row, right-hand side—on

the team bus, and smiling his accustomed smile as he thought about his club. "It's a young team," Anderson said, "and thus has helped our rookies to come along as well as they have. Most of the veteran players have not been around so long that they've forgotten the problems a rookie has to go through. I suppose a lot of people

were surprised when I named Rose the captain of the team as my first move. The Reds hadn't had a team captain in nearly 40 years, but I thought that Rose deserved it. I don't think I have ever seen anyone who loves to play baseball as much as Pete does. He's always looking, listening and learning, and he can be a manager if he wants to when he is through playing. I feel the same way about Bench. To me it is an enormous thrill just to be able to manage Johnny Bench, and I really get a kick out of him. He calls me John McGraw."

At 36, Anderson is the youngest manager in the major leagues; in five seasons of handling teams in the minor leagues he never had a losing record. His intent this spring was to get the Reds into first place by the time the club moved to Riverfront. "I believe," he said at the time, "that if we can go into our new ball park in first place the excitement and enthusiasm of the fans in the new park will help keep us there."

The Reds did better than Anderson had hoped, using Crosley Field almost to perfection by winning 28 games there and losing only eight. Only 10 left-handers opposed Cincinnati in the old ball park. Eight of them lost, and the other two pitched to no decision. All season long only two left-handers, Bob Veale of Pittsburgh and Denny Lemaster of Houston, have pitched complete games against the Reds.

The big surprise, however, has been the Reds' own pitching, which looked fine from the outset but impressed nobody. (The world is full of men who have gone broke betting on Cincinnati pitching.) With Lee May, Bernie Carbo and Bobby Tolan hitting homers and Bench and Pete Rose doubles, the Reds beat Montreal on opening day 5-1. Jim Merritt allowed only three hits, but with the Expos being the Expos nobody noticed. They should have.

Merritt had been Cincinnati's biggest winner in 1969 with 17 victories. This February, however, while trying to rescue his son's stray kite, he fell off the roof of his West Conna, Calif home and fractured his right elbow. If one is a left-handed pitcher and has to break an elbow while falling off a rooftop, then the right one is certainly preferable, but the Reds themselves were shocked that Merritt was able to pitch a complete game so early in the year. Not an overpowering left-hander in the sense that



Filling up on opening night, Riverfront Stadium has the first all-Astro turf infield in the majors.



Always hustling, Pete Rose crouches off first base for a fast start in a game against the Mets.

Sam McDowell or Sandy Koufax was, Merritt is an intelligent pitcher with excellent control, walking only about one batter every seven innings. The last time the Reds won a pennant back in 1961 Merritt was drawing a salary from the Dodgers as the visiting team's bat boy in the Coliseum.

Merritt's roommate is Jim McGlothlin and the two have a pact that the room will produce 40 wins this season. McGlothlin, who resembles an old-fashioned illustration of Tom Sawyer, came in a winter trade with the California Angels in which Cincinnati gave up Alex Johnson. McGlothlin won only eight games last year, but he has already won 10 games for the Reds. "The difference between pitching for this club and the Angels," he said recently, "is that they score runs for you here and you are not always coming out of games in the sixth or seventh inning for a pinch hitter or being taken out when you get in a jam with a short lead. It's a joy pitching for this team."

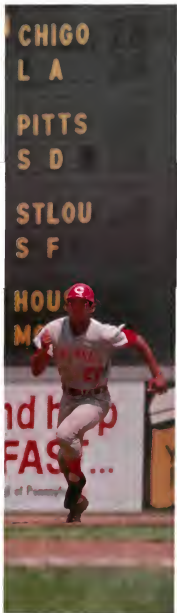
It is quite possible that the Reds will produce not two but three 20-game winners this year and conceivably even four.

(The 1923 Reds with Dolf Luque, Pete Donohue and Eppa Rixey were the last National League club to have three 20-game winners and, oddly, Cincinnati that year finished 4½ games behind the pennant-winning New York Giants. No National League team has ever had four 20-gamers.) Following an extensive tutoring program in the Puerto Rican Winter League, 21-year-old Wayne Simpson went to spring training this year and won a starter's job. So far he has the best winning percentage (12-1, .923) of any pitcher in the majors. He resembles Bob Gibson of the Cardinals right down to wearing the same uniform number (45), and he has been the most discussed new pitcher in opposing dugouts all season.

Another righthander, 26-year-old Gary Nolan, has been almost as important to the Reds as Simpson and could be that fourth 20-game winner. Bothered by a sore arm in 1969, he has developed some excellent off-speed pitch-

continued

Sprinting Buddy Tolen demonstrates why he is the best of the Reds' swift runners.





es in his comeback. He has won nine games, but only twice has he finished a game he started, and it is felt that he may represent the first crack in the Cincinnati armor. Whether he does or not, he is only one of the many players acquired by the Reds in the free-agent draft. In 1965 the team drafted Carbo first, Bench second and Hal McRae, who switches in the outfield with Carbo, sixth. Nolan was picked first in 1966 and Simpson in 1967. Can so young a team win a pennant so easily?

Henry Aaron wonders. The Braves' outfielder of 17 years said a few days ago, "It's too easy to recall when clubs looked like they had it wrapped up and still didn't win it—the 13-game lead the Dodgers had in 1951 and lost it in a play-off to the Giants and the big lead the Cubs had last season before losing out to the Mets.

"Cincinnati has a real good club. I've said for a number of years that they have had one of the best-balanced teams in baseball, and this year they have finally put it all together.

"But the thing about Cincinnati is the kids. It's real unusual for a team to come up with three pitchers in one season that can help them as much as Simpson, McGlothin and Don Gullett have helped the Reds." The club's top draft choice in 1969, Gullett was pitching for McKell High School in Lynn, Ky. last year; after his first 20 innings of relief work this year he had an ERA of 1.35.

"And," Aaron continued, "the other young players like Dave Concepcion, Carbo and Simpson have put even more drive into that club because they feel like they have more to prove than the established players. And that might just continue. But it might go the other way, too. Another thing is the injury situation, the fact that the Reds haven't had any injuries yet and the fact that the teams that should have a chance of catching them have had real serious injuries.

"Moving into the new ball park could help their pitching. They won't have to worry as much about the home run in close games in that park as they did in

Crosley Field. But it also could hurt the hitters. They have guys like Perez, who can hit home runs in any park, but some of his home runs earlier this year in Crosley Field might have been caught in the new stadium. It's the same way with their other good hitters.

"Defensively, the new park, with its covered infield, may hurt them. The Reds don't have the fastest infield in baseball, and some of the balls they've been knocking down are going to get through on the AstroTurf. I don't care how you cut regular grass, long or short, AstroTurf is still faster."

As of last weekend, the effect of the new park on the Reds was inconclusive. Home run production dropped off in the first few games, but this was offset by strong pitching. Merritt shaded Aaron and the Braves 2-1, and Nolan shut out Houston 3-0, permitting only one runner to reach third.

Because of their capacity to hit, the Reds had been favored by many to win the West Division in 1969, but weak pitching dragged the team to a third-place finish. Last year's Reds could do remarkable things—like score 19 times against Philadelphia in one nine-inning game, yet win by only two runs. Twice Cincinnati's pitchers allowed nine runs in one inning—and to Houston and San Diego, no less. From the middle of August until the completion of the season Cincinnati, despite its hitting, was capable of putting together only one winning streak as long as five games and that came at the most futile time, right when Atlanta was winning 10 in a row and on its way to the playoffs.

In 1969 the Reds lost only one season series in the Western Division, to Atlanta (6-12); this year the Reds beat the Braves seven times in their first nine meetings. Following the first two games between the teams in April, Luman Harris, the way manager of the Braves, sat in his office at Atlanta Stadium and said, "If they are this good they might just as well go right on from here into the World Series." Harris had watched the Big Red Machine at its devastating best. In 18 innings Cincinnati had hit 10 homers, seven different players doing the damage.

The fact that Rose, Bench, Perez, May and Tolman have variously been up among the league leaders in runs batted in, home runs, batting average, hits, doubles, triples and stolen bases has tended to draw

attention away from what is going on in Cincinnati's left field. With any other team the accomplishments of the two platooning rookies, Carbo and McRae, would be cause for large quantities of both joy and news coverage. Each is hitting around .300; collectively Carbo and McRae have 19 homers and 43 RBIs while playing errorless ball.

"The most important thing for both Hal and me," Carbo said recently, "is that with all the really good hitters on this team we have been able to break in without too much pressure. With a club that didn't have the kind of players the Reds have, the pressure would be on us almost all the time. These are probably the best conditions for getting a start in the major leagues while contributing to the team."

Manager Gene Mauch, Expos, sat on the bench one calm evening in Montreal's Jarry Park watching the Reds take batting practice. "Let's put aside certain parts of the game," he said, "and examine the Reds in the one area where it can be done realistically. For sustaining an inning there has not been a National League team like this one since the 1953 Brooklyn Dodgers. Gil Hodges, Jim Gilliam, Pee Wee Reese, Jackie Robinson, Carl Furillo, Duke Snader and Roy Campanella could murder anybody. Only the Reds have shown me that they have the ability to sustain an inning like that Dodger team.

"So far, though," Mauch continued, "Cincinnati has not gone through a bad streak, and in the National League everyone goes through at least one major bad streak. A lot of people, you know, are still not convinced that the pitching is quite as good as their record might show."

One of the bigger jokes among the Reds is that Clay Carroll, who together with Wayne Granger gives the Reds a fine one-two relief punch, has put the heat on the team this year by going out and buying himself a \$9,100 Continental Mark III. "Are you trying to drag us down by spending the money before we've got it, Hawk?" Bench asked Carroll recently. Then Tommy Helms, the second baseman, came over. "Hawk," Helms said, "it isn't right for you to have a Mark III. You're country, Hawk! You have a Mark III is like putting earrings on a hog."

Good country humor. Good ball team, too. Quite a machine. **END**

The big three of the Reds' staff (top, from left), Jim Merritt, Wayne Simpson and Jim McGlothin, may end up with 20 wins apiece. When the starters falter, Manager Anderson brings in his top reliever, Wayne Granger.

RED BARON IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER

High among the hawks over Texas, the world's finest sailplane pilots wafted from thermal to thermal in pursuit of two championships—but a bearded German outflown them all by **ROBERT F. JONES**



Back on the ground, pedagogues Reichmann and Moffat talk over their airy victories.

Pecos Bill was right on; everything in West Texas can bite. Not just the sudden rattlesnakes and those acrobatic tarantulas, not merely multifanged cactus and wild white roses that will rip an arm to the bone. Even the sky can bite in West Texas. It was the first lesson learned by the cosmopolitan participants in the world soaring championship—gliders, folks—which swooped to a finish last week in Marfa.

Take the skybite case of Walter Neubert, open class sailplane ace of the West German team and an early-form favorite to take the championship back home to the land where competitive gliding first started to soar. Here is Walter, skipping along from cloud to cloud on the second day of the meet. He's admiring the diedral of a few nearby turkey vultures when—hup!—the sky opens its mouth and swallows him into a speckled valley. Walter climbs out of his

white Kestrel 22 and surveys the scene. Not a cumulus cloud within range. No radio contact with his crewmen, who are out there somewhere among the cacti in the pursuit car. Weaving his way through the rattlers, Walter comes upon a hog farm and—*Goet' sel dusk!*—it has a telephone. But nobody is home. Unfortunately, Walter is the world's only shy German and he doesn't go in. Instead, he spends the night back in the cockpit. As a result, he accumulates a scant 14 points of his possible 1,000 and, despite two first-place finishes later in the meet, he cannot close the gap with the leaders. *Janaki, mein Kind*, skybite can hurt.

When the two-week meet came to an end, it was a brace of unskybitten school-teachers who walked away with the laurels. The open class championship went to America's George Moffat, 43, a lean, reticent English teacher from the Pingry



Leaving along under friendly cumulus clouds, a sailplane cuts a quiet pattern over an arid but perfect competition site—the West Texas plains.

School in Elizabeth, N.J. (SI, Aug. 1, 1966). Moffat seems to take the Romantic poets literally. Thinking like a thermal, he wandered lonely as a cloud over the plains around Marfa to ring up 8,323 of a possible 9,000 points. (Each day the class winner takes 1,000 points, with the runners-up getting proportionately fewer.) In the standard class—where wingspans are limited to 49 feet versus the unlimited spans of the open class, which includes Moffat's one-of-a-kind 72.5-foot Nimbus—victory went to West Germany's Helmut Reichmann, another pedagogue, who was given the nickname of Red Baron. He actually outflow Moffat, scoring 8,663 points in a field where the competition was deeper, if not faster, than among the "big boys." And at the age of 28, Reichmann became the youngest aviator ever to win a world soaring championship. Thanks to the Red Baron, the Germans—who placed

second in the open class and added a fifth place behind Reichmann in the standard—regained the unofficial team championship that they had relinquished to the Poles and the Americans.

But points and championships are only the grossest guidelines to what competitive soaring is all about. In more ways than one, atmosphere is the name of the game, and Marfa, Texas gave world class competition a whole new perspective. Of the 11 world championships flown since 1937, this was the first to take place in the United States. Usually the biennial event is held closer to civilization—on broad, eastern European grass plains such as the one at Leszno, Poland in 1968, or in the shadow of picturesque and precious mountain ranges like the Alps. By contrast, Marfa is Meansville—not because of the people, who except for the traffic cops are uniformly courteous, interested and helpful.

They even cleared all their old beer cans off the adjacent highways before the international guest list arrived. No, sir, Marfa is mean by way of environment. This is the Big Bend country of Texas, and Marfa (pop. 2,799) sits on a high, semiarid plateau 4,688 feet above sea level. Sun that can leech a man to jerky in the course of a clear afternoon lies pitiless on the flats and sends the surrounding mountains into giddy heat-wave gyrations by 10 in the morning. One of those peaks, known locally as the Widow's Tit, would have done justice to a tassel-twirling stripper.

Of course, it is precisely that fierce sun and those sere, baking-pan plains that make Marfa one of the best soaring grounds in the world. Only South Africa and Australia consistently produce better thermals, those columns of hot air that rise from bright, sun-heated surfaces to form cumulus clouds. The

continued

CUs, as soarers call them, are the visual keys to the sport: a good pilot hops from one tall thermal to the next, alternately trading off altitude for horizontal speed and then speed for altitude in his cross-country jaunts. As if to confirm the virtues of Marfa as a soaring center, the buzzards and hawks of the region seem to fly higher and longer than anywhere else. One American ace, Wally Scott of Odessa, Texas, noted: "I spotted a hawk at 8,000 feet the other day, just amblin' around up there, no way he was going to swoop on any jackrabbit from that altitude. Sbucks, he just loves soarin' like we do."

If soaring itself puts a man in closer touch with nature, simply being on the ground—either watching or crewing—can put him even closer in Marfa. Apart from the ubiquitous snakes, spiders (both tarantula and brown recluse, among the real buddies) and scorpions, there are mule deer, whitetails and antelope in the surrounding plains and hills, plus the odd cougar. This is primarily cattle country, and the folks themselves have that natural look.

So, Marfa is not Poland or Austria or even Elmira, N.Y., and the competitors from 25 countries who gathered there quickly turned on to the atmosphere. Middle European esthetes found themselves eating earth-baked calf's head and swinging lariats at the nearby ranches. Italian Team Manager Piero Morelli got nipped by a brown recluse—that noxious, nocturnal arachnid that has

recently spread into the Southwest from its Middle Western range. Fortunately, Morelli consulted the Australian team manager, a physician, before they had to amputate. "The members of my team believe that the recluse can kill a child," Morelli commented in the meet's elegantly written daily bulletin. "But they also are sure, however, that if it bites a team manager, the recluse immediately dies."

The focal point of the meet was Presidio County Airport, 10 miles outside of Marfa. A World War II bomber training base, it provided few amenities but compensated with some beautiful natural touches. Whole squadrons of barn swallows live in the hangar, and their frisky flight, gentle chirping and not-infrequent bombing runs livened up even the duller of "rest" days. The soaring people livened it further with pranks and punning. Bent or broken gliders—and there were many—were promptly hauled to the "Wreckreation Room," while the placard above the shed where Finland's crew hung out was quickly amended to read "FINNISHED Team." Probably by some Swede.

But there was tension to balance the frivolity—particularly among the top-flight contenders. George Moffat, hardly a gasser under any circumstances, whitened under his tan before each tow, while his wife, Suzanne—a cheerful chick as sleek as any glider—solemnly fluffed off well-wishers until the meet was over. Oddly enough, the West Germans, who

can be distressingly humorless if you put them in anything mechanized such as a sports car or a Messerschmitt, were perhaps the jolliest of the top contestants. They had reason to be. Most of the really hot ships—from Moffat's victorious Nimbus to the Kestrels, Cirruses, AS-W12s and LS-1s—were of German manufacture, and certainly the spirit was there. It wasn't the spirit of Reichhofen, however, but rather that of Ernst Udet, the literate and gentlemanly World War I ace who later wrote beautiful books about flight, or of Wolfgang Langewiesche, another ethereal wordman and aviator of those old days.

On the last day of competition, with standard class flier Reichmann nearly 500 points ahead of his nearest challengers, the skilled and feared Poles, Jan Wroblewski and Franciszek Kepka, the Germans were just a touch uptight. "He's got to finish to win it," says Reichmann's crew driver, Hannes Linke, as the Red Baron closes his plexiglass cockpit. "If he should fall one foot short of the finish line, we may be kayw." Linke is a husky young pilot who spends his non-soaring time as a factory foreman in Los Angeles.

Reichmann seems calm behind the glass, a nascent brownish-red beard giving him a raffish look that complements his yellow, coyoteklike eyes. When not aloft on the thermals, Helmut teaches art, biology and sports in Esslingen, a town near Stuttgart. Married and the father of an infant daughter (whose re-



Gathered around their craft on the ground, the visitors soon discovered what every Texan knows—that everything in the Big Bend country bites.

cent arrival prevented Helmut's wife, Brigitte, from accompanying him to Marfa). Reichmann is single-mindedly devoted to excellence in soaring (though he punts betimes). Just before the tow rope tightens he flashes Linke a thumbs-up sign, probably unaware that Spitfire pilots originated it.

As Reichmann spirals upward on the pre-airstream thermals, Linke and his crew roar out of the airport in their green Buick, towing the ship's trailer behind. The car is checkablock with radio gear, charts, rulers, empty beer and cola cans, old sausage wrappers, binoculars and the prettiest girl in West German aviation. Brigitte Holighaus, blondish, bikini-wed wife of the aeronautical engineer, Klaus Holighaus, who designed Moffat's victorious Nimbus, is riding shotgun for Linke. The other crew member is Walter Schneider, a rotund, potato-nosed Santa Claus of a man who also is a pre-eminent designer: Schneider is the "S" in the LS-1 that Reichmann is piloting to victory.

The day's task is a speed triangle, or three-legged race, of 239 miles, and its first leg runs 70-odd miles northwest to a town called Van Horn. It provides a good checkout of communications and code. Linke has numbered each 10-kilometer segment of the route, so that eavesdropping competitors will not know where his eagle is soaring. Nearing Van Horn, Linke gets worried. "*Es ist ziemlich blau bei 25,*" he flashes Reichmann. Then he translates: "It's a bit blue near Van Horn—empty of clouds, which means very little lift. *Blau* also means 'drunk' in German, which reminds me. We've got to get some champagne for when Helmut lands."

The car slows as it passes Miller's Dinetera on the outskirts of Van Horn. "Got to watch out for the Man," says Linke, whose English is hip despite the fact that he arrived in the U.S. only seven years ago. "Highway patrol has busted too many of us so far. I guess these small towns make their living that way part of the time." Refueling in town, Linke speeds eastward on the second leg while Reichmann orbits for altitude over Van Horn in a gaggle of gliders. (Gaggle is the official term.) A pause along the road to search for Helmut visually: Linke steadies his glasses on the trailer's frame. This is no easy accomplishment, as the lovely Brigitte is wriggling around in excitement,

shaking the trailer. Reichmann acquired, the car speeds on Fast, widely divided, four-lane highway, but Linke is holding himself back—only about 85 or 90 in the clear.

At the town of Toyah, just short of Pecos, which is the second turning point in the triangle, he cuts right onto a farm road. "Shortcut," he explains. "Helmut is moving very fast. We may not get back before him." With the fear of a radar trap gone, Linke becomes his floorboarding self. The scenery speeds up: fields of beans and wheat, sunflowers and cane, doves on the wing and tractors mounted with parasols. Dust devils punctuate the long horizons with wiggly streaks of pale tin. "You get a good little lift from a dust devil," Linke muses as the Buick bends through a corner. "Sometimes you need it, if you've lost the CUs."

Back on the main road, Linke climbs into the Davis Mountains, racing to stay ahead of Reichmann. Saragosa, a town that has yet to meet affluence, winks by—broken adobe walls, a tacky church, a cafe called Little Mexico now abandoned and boarded up. Linke has lost Reichmann on the radio—atmospherics?—but finally Helmut comes through loud and clear. He is in a new gaggle of 30 sailplanes over the Pecos turn. The crew laughs—their pilot has become popular. Then Reichmann is out and moving fast toward home. Linke pushes the Buick to the red line. The heat has dried everyone out, and the welcome plunk of beer-can lids fills the car. The crew munches on Peg Leg speed sausages—"Just like the *Louisiger* back home," says Brigitte—as the scenery flashes past. Now it is high country: cottonwoods, willows, a yellow-flowered yuccalike plant that ought to be growing on the moons of Jupiter. Crumbling red cliffs, goggle-eyed beef cattle, a swirl of buzzards, a sign announcing the immorance of Barry Seabee Mountain. Then back into the flats, with Reichmann overtaking fast and the champagne still unbought, uncooled, Lollipop windmills on the horizon—Marfa's just ahead.

Linke whips car and trailer up to the Big Bend Package Store, sprints inside, emerges instantly, bottle flailing, like a character in a Chaplin movie. "Open the trunk," he yells as he runs. The ice-box is in there. Kersplash! Thump! And off again. Just as the Buick enters the airport—500 wild passing situations and



Descriptively named peak was a landmark.

a thousand heart stoppages from the start—Reichmann's ship dive-bombs the finish gate. "*Verflucht noch einmal!*" sighs Linke, grinning.

To see a world class sailplane finish is to understand the absurdity of terrestrial life. The craft slopes out of the sky with the easy grace of a falling star, trailing a curved rainbow of ballast water—a shower cooler than silk when it hits the crowd watching on the runway. Then, pulling up from a 150-mph glide, the plane spills its speed and sweeps to a dead quiet two-point landing. That's just how the Red Baron did it.

Reichmann was waiting at the end of the runway when the pursuit car pointed to a stop. He was grinning from ear to ear, grinning so wide that the bristles of his new beard stood out like a mad dog's ruff. "*Wefmrivier!*" yelled Linke as he popped the champagne cork. "World champion!" Reichmann took a long, long hit on the bottle, then another. Finally he let out a war whoop that could have roused the Comanche nation, to say nothing of the southern Cheyenne and the Apaches. The older soaring enthusiasts looked on in moderate embarrassment. After all, this is the silent sport. Still, a man should be entitled, if he can avoid skybite. **END**

MOVING IN FOR A LAND GRAB

If some western politicians—and supporting lobbyists—have their way and carry through on their 'dominant use' policy, a vast public domain will be opened up for private use and profit **by HAROLD PETERSON**

June 20, 1970

The President
The White House
Washington, D.C.
Dear Mr. President:

We submit with pride the report of the Public Land Law Review Commission with our recommendations for policy guidelines for the retention and management or disposition of Federal lands that equal one-third of the area of our Nation.

Although we represent diverse views and backgrounds, we were able to adjust our ideas, objectively consider the problems and achieve this general agreement. In a few instances, individual members have set forth their separate views. Because this is a consensus report, however, the absence of a member's separate views does not necessarily indicate that there is unanimity on the details.

The Commission's recommendations will support early implementation through Executive and legislative action to assure equitable treatment of our citizens and make the public land laws of the United States and their administration simpler, more effective, and, in accordance with the criterion of the policy objective set forth in the Commission's Organic Act, truly for the maximum benefit for the general public.

This apparently innocuous letter, signed by Representative Wayne Aspinall of Colorado and 18 members of his commission, led off a 342-page report that was five years in the making and cost \$7 million.

The public land mentioned is not merely a few tracts of forest and plain. It is 724 million acres—724 million acres of some of the purest, most beautiful and least-ransacked land on earth. This land

is scattered throughout the country, but the largest concentrations are found, naturally, in the western states—one of the last relatively safe reservoirs of fresh air, clean water and nonmanhandled ecology. Three million big-game animals depend on this wild country, and 17,500 miles of fishing streams flow through it. Amazingly, most of the public has been unaware of this inheritance, and nobody has been doing much shouting about it. But the whispers have been loud enough to hear.

The Public Land Law Review Commission was created as part of a bargain with Representative Aspinall, chairman of the Interior Committee and a man who could never be mistaken for a friend of conservation, to let the Wilderness Bill go through. Some bargain. Aspinall's commission has—on the basis of little-publicized hearings and highly secretive deliberations about "the final disposition of public lands"—recommended accelerated exploitation and disposal of the lands. Before most of the heirs have even learned about the inheritance the will is being rewritten.

All six Senators attached to the commission came from development-hungry western states. Three of six House appointees and three of six lay members appointed by Lyndon Johnson also represented the West. The appointment of Aspinall as chairman was a little like letting a rabbit decide the disposition of a lettuce field.

Public ignorance about most of the public lands has remained carefully preserved. Everybody knows about our national parks, and Americans are just beginning to recognize the recreational and wilderness resource constituted by our national forests, but the national parks and forests comprise only 210 million acres of public land. Another 48.5 million acres are held by such scarcely cool-

ogy-minded agencies as the Bureau of Reclamation, the Corps of Engineers and the armed forces.

The remainder of this vast acreage that might be available or suitable for recreation is controlled by a nearly anonymous agency called the Bureau of Land Management. Historically, the bureau has permitted mining, lumber and stock interests to make incursions into the public lands almost at will. Short-range economic pressure has often pre-



vented even the rudimentary conservation of sustained yield. Large acreage has been sold off cheaply to private buyers—in periodic auctions to neighboring ranchers, for example.

Beauty and the biosphere have seemed to hold low priorities at the Bureau of Land Management. Routinely denied access to their own land, recreationists have been shorthanded on information as to the location—and even the existence—of these reserves. Yet the BLM has never been as ecologically ignorant as Reclamation or the Corps of Engineers, and the low public visibility of the public domain has somewhat shielded it from public misuse. BLM has simply been tied by parochial pressure, low manpower and a crazy quilt of laws—at least 5,000 of them.

Thus recreational, wildlife, wilderness and conservation groups find their quiet apprehension justified: Aspinall's commission, by recommending increased industrial exploitation, presents Con-

gress and the country with something of a *fait accompli*. The well-printed report and the accompanying 10-foot-high stack of 40 contracted studies give the recommendations a certain stamp of monumentality. The average Congressman—let alone the average citizen—may boggle at the dense supporting prose and defer to the commission's hard work and presumed expertise. Any resulting legislation will very likely be shaped by Congressional Interior committees controlled by the same men and interests denigrating the commission.

It is not crying "wolf!" any sooner or louder than necessary to mention the most alarming possible outcome of this report. "Undisposed" BLM domain has often been described by commission members as if it were eliminable waste. The commission is on record as not "favoring any 'wholesale recreation' of lands. In fact, provisions for disposing of much more land have been recommended.

Certain western state and local governments have demanded land for industrial and commercial expansion. They cry for "a broader tax base," although they already have more taxable land than do some small eastern states.

The report recommends transfer even of national forest for such "public purposes." It condones as "inadequate" present laws allowing sale or exchange of parcels up to 5,120 acres. Also, "no reason is apparent to the Commission for retention of lands needed for uses which require long-term private investment, materially alter the land and virtually exclude other use. Examples of this type are electric substations, canals, reservoirs, industrial sites and commercial building sites. . . . It is in the public interest to dispose of such lands. . . ."

Mining interests already have free rein on public lands. Under the 98-year-old law still governing, the mere finding and extraction of mineral on public land gives

don scord



a company automatic claim to it—and permanent possession for \$2.50 to \$5 per acre.

As honored guest at last year's National Western Mining Conference, Aspinall scornfully noted "increasing emotional demands that more and more of our public lands be restricted in their use and set aside for limited [recreational and conservation] purposes. . . . You and I know where the emotions are; you and I know what the probable results will be if emotions are supreme." Aspinall appealed, with commendably small pretense, "So, your first action towards fulfillment of the Commission's recommendations . . . will be to return to Congress those members of the Commission who are up for reelection."

Understandably, mining corporations want to retain laws presenting them with virtually free land, but they want claim size increased from 20 to 160 acres, with a maximum of 5,120 acres per company per state. The commission should encourage "open-pit mining while correcting existing legal impediments dampening its further growth," says a mining spokesman. Since future mining will be massive open-pit operations, allowable dump area for waste material should be increased a thousandfold: "a mine having 500 acres of mining claims may require 5,000 acres [almost eight square miles] for surface plant facilities and waste disposal areas." (Example: the steaming dumps of Climax Molybdenum, which fill a once-spectacular mountain valley in Colorado.) "Mining operations should not be unreasonably impeded by regulations pertaining to wilderness areas," the Mining Congress adds.

The concerns of the coal industry can be deduced from two statements by the mining lobby on "reclamation" of strip mine-devastated land: 1) the Government should pay the industry to reclaim because Interior permits payment "where the user is engaged in a semi-public, nonprofit activity designed for the public safety or welfare," and 2) "The industry . . . should not be required to attempt revegetation when it becomes obvious that revegetation is impractical or impossible."

The commission gives the mining industry all that it could hope for. Strip mining is encouraged. The report recommends claims of 5,000 acres or more,

with "right to use sufficient surface for mining, including millsite and tailing areas," overriding state law where less permissive. It concedes only a need to collect "modest" royalties and to increase the present \$2.50- to \$5-per-acre bonanza "enough to cover administrative costs of issuance of patents." Interior's right to remove threatened land from mineral entry would be all but abolished.

Rhetorical gestures are made to environment throughout the report. The pages are overgrown with hedges and verbiage planted to protect the commission. Profuse, vague qualifying phrases disguise meaning and render unhelpful quotation difficult. But qualification of commercial users' prerogatives is—hundreds of times—diluted by appeals to Government "reasonability," "flexibility" and "feasibility." Qualification of the handful of regulators' powers sternly demands "strict limits" and "limited discretion."

Rehabilitation of mine-devastated land? "Rehabilitation does not necessarily mean restoration," says the commission, but rather "feasible effort" based on "economic [not social] costs" and "availability of adequate technology." Entire mountains have been cut out of the most scenic ranges—on national forest land. No technology is adequate to restore them. At least four commissioners could not swallow the mineral resources section whole. In a formal separate opinion they proposed leasing of land and repeal of the Mining Law of 1872.

Lumber-industry attacks on public lands have long been notorious. Lumbermen's politicians fought creation of national forests, and today in those forests the industry gouges muddy labyrinths of roads, scalps whole sections and leaves impenetrable deserts of stumps and slash. The Government directly or indirectly pays for the maze of roads.

"Dominant use" of public lands for timber production "managed primarily on the basis of economic factors so as to maximize net dollar return" is urged as a legal requirement by the acquiescent commission. A quarter to a half of all public forest land would be subject to maximum yield of board feet. "Dominant use" philosophy flavors the entire report, which was being printed even while one commissioner solemnly

assured SI that dominant uses would not be proposed. Big, old "overmature" trees would be eliminated: "Large sizes are not required to meet the increasing demands for pulpwood," for which scrubby trees are more suitable. Everywhere, more forests would be cut, more often. Much complaint is made of present inefficiency: "The public lands have large volumes of overmature timber, in part because of conservative cutting policies. . . ." Recommended, too, is a crash "catch-up" program of access roads to "salvage" lumber in wild areas.

The need for water has been another excuse to give away public domain. Hundreds of thousands of acres and thousands of miles of wild, trout-bearing streams have been submerged behind dams. Opponents are treated as if their fondest desire were to deprive little children of drinking water. States demand more control of water, as if clouds and river systems were not interstate by nature. The Land Law Report does not even recognize this problem.

Stockmen have been given grazing permits on public land for one-fifth of what they would pay on private land. These permits are "sold" to new owners for fancy prices. Hundreds of thousands of acres, for practical purposes, are untaxed private land.

"The rancher has had to buy his permit," argues stockmen's representative Joe Tudor. "If the government withdraws the permit, he has a right to compensation plus money for any improvements, like fences, put on the public lands. The grass is there," Tudor goes on, "and it's got to be consumed or it will be wasted. We believe the commission will want to turn over land to private owners to eliminate administrative costs and friction. And grazing is not inconsistent with other uses."

Grazing is compatible with other uses (although not with wilderness), and if ranchers complain that multiplying sportsmen and declining civility cause vandalism and defacement of the land, who can disagree? If they charge that "some of the new recreation 'sports,' particularly motor vehicles, are creating erosion and topsoil damage," thousands of miles of ruts and gullies support them.

Yet the New Mexico Cattle Growers advocate full disposal of public lands

continued

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to local residents and say, "Land is worthless except in the light of its use by and for man."

The commission goes a little stronger. "Lands which are principally valuable for grazing" should be disposed of, on liberal terms, "including those in national forests . . . with grazing permittees given preference to buy them." Maximum forage should be the dominant use on all such land retained. "Much of the grazing land is unsuitable for any other use," the report says, but "control should be asserted over public access to and the use of retained grazing lands for nongrazing uses"—just in case recreationists might think otherwise.

The report encourages commercialization. Virtually every conservation group has strongly criticized the commission's recommendations, and several commission members and advisers expressed misgivings.

"You can forget about relying on the five years of 'impartial, unbiased' study of timber policy and related matters by the PLURC," Representative John Saylor of Pennsylvania, who is on the commission, told House colleagues angrily.

"I don't care how thick that volume is," said Ann Dunbar, Saylor's aide. "It's nothing but an attempt to put in writing everything industrial interests have been trying to get pushed through for years. Representative Saylor could speak, but no one was listening. It was futile. He asked not to be reappointed, but other commission members said that if Saylor quit, they would, too. I understand Senator Jackson didn't think the commission was very useful, either. If you read carefully, only the letter of transmission was signed by members, not the report itself."

An aide who asked to remain unidentified said Commissioner Laurance Rockefeller privately was "very outspoken" about the report. "He felt outnumbered and outmaneuvered. He thought outside groups wrote the report."

The recent popular interest and concern for ecology and the environment owes much of its force to people sensitized by outdoor recreational experiences. One of the first dramatic results of that outpouring could be a public veto of any attempted raid on public lands. Retention would be a victory in itself.

END

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BRIGHT NEW CHANCE AT THE CUP

The odds against a young man growing up to become the designer of a successful America's Cup yacht are approximately those against his becoming President. Britton Chance, whose very name suggests a gamble, may be one to beat the odds.

by HUGH D. WHALL



INTREPID
NEW YORK

Yacht design, almost by definition, is an exclusive and aristocratic craft, offering true success only to the few. But even successful yacht designers are a dime a dozen by comparison with that inner aristocracy of the profession, the designers of America's Cup contenders.

Since competition began in 1851, only a handful of men—less than 30 in all—have conceived vessels deemed fleet enough to get a chance at a challenge or a defense, yet their designs have set styles for all yachtsmen. There was, first of all, George Steers, who designed the schooner *America*, for which the cup was named. There were Edward Burgess and his son Starling Burgess. There was the almost legendary Nathanael Herreshoff, who designed five lofty defenders that helped revolutionize all racing-yacht design. And since 1937 there has been a once-youthful prodigy named Olin Stephens, designer of four of the last five U.S. defenders.

At each new challenge since then names have arisen from both sides of the ocean and the world to contest the Stephens supremacy—Australia's Alan Payne and Warwick Hood in 1962 and 1967 respectively, Britain's David Boyd in 1958 and 1964, America's Phil Rhodes, Bill Luders, Ted Hood and Ray Hunt in most of those same years—but each time (with the single exception of 1962 when Phil Rhodes' *Wendell* eliminated Stephens' *Columbia* in her second try, thanks to Bus Moshbacher's mastery helmsmanship) the interlopers have been forced once again to bow to the skills of the seemingly mild and self-effacing genius of the drawing board whose boats came in first.

This year another young Lochinvar—as young as Olin Stephens was when he helped Starling Burgess design *Ranger*—has come, not out of the west but out of New Jersey's Barnegat Bay, to tilt his 12-meter lance at the now-aging dragon. And for the first time in America's Cup history his is a two-pronged attack, since he is the first designer to help launch challenges from both sides of the ocean at once. Designer Britton Chance created a boat for the French to use as a

trial horse and prototype for the boat they later built to challenge for the cup. And the same Britton Chance has undertaken to make Olin Stephens' 1967 defender *Intrepid*—once the fastest 12-meter afloat—even faster, fast enough in fact to beat Stephens' new candidate *Vallant* and thus give the U.S. an even better weapon for the defense.

Whether Britton Chance's efforts will help accomplish either of these missions will not be known until the trials beginning in Newport this week and the races that follow them in mid-September have all been run. But win, lose or draw in 1970, the name Britton Chance is one likely to loom large in America's Cup competition for many years to come.

Considering Chance's background, all this may not be too surprising. He comes from a navy-sized family of assorted sisters, brothers, uncles, fathers, stepisters and stepbrothers, all of whom sail, and sail superbly. His father, Dr. Britton Chance Sr., professor of biophysics and physical biochemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, is a former Olympic yachting gold medalist. One of his sisters, Mrs. Jan O'Malley, won the North American women's sailing championship last year. Another sister, Eli, has collected plenty of silverware in a Cal 40. Uncle Henry, a veteran ocean racer, is part owner of a new Chance-designed blue-water boat which should add luster to his nephew's name.

Much of Brit's youth was spent on Barnegat Bay, sailing everything from the original clam-shaped sneakboxes endemic to the region to the E seows his grandfather imported from the Great Lakes to take their place. Over the years he has won his own share of trophies in these and other craft. In 1962 he served as crew aboard Ray Hunt's 12-meter *Easterner* in its bid to defend the America's Cup and he has done time at sea in a number of ocean races, largely because, as he says, "it's nice out there."

But from the outset, young Chance, who inherited a good share of his father's scientific curiosity, took more interest in the why and how of a boat's behavior than he did in winning tro-

phies. "He was a good skipper," says his father, "but basically he always wanted to know why the boat was going fast or slow and what he could do to make her go faster. He's been that way from the beginning."

At 15 Chance signed up for a correspondence course in yacht design from the Westlawn School of Yacht Design. It put him to work drawing the plans for a nice, comfy, cozy cruising sailboat—a craft as different from those he draws today as a limousine is from a racing Ferrari. It was his first sight of a racing boat built to the International Rule that set him on the new tack.

Chance never got to finish his correspondence-school boat. Before he could complete the curriculum, his father took him to Sweden for an anniversary celebration at the Royal Swedish Yacht Club, whose anchorage glittered with some of the loveliest racing yachts in the world. There, in a cradle on the shore by the club, young Chance saw a hull more beautiful than he had ever dreamed of: a slim, long-legged, graceful six-meter. From then on, the teen-ager told himself he was going to build boats like that.

The difference between designing boats built to the International Rule—the boats with the word "meter" in their names—and designing snug cruising boats or ocean racers is the difference between designing a sled and a ski. A naval architect can draw plans for a 72-foot ocean racer and miscalculate its weight by as much as a ton or two and no great harm is done, but if he miscalculates a 12-meter by even a few pounds he stands to lose not only his reputation as a designer but quite possibly whatever fee he hoped to get on delivery to an owner.

Today Britton Chance can recite the whole booklet explaining the 12-meter rule—an elaborate formula balancing length, girth, sail area and other variables expressed in meters so they all resolve out to the figure 12—almost by heart. He began to learn it soon after the episode in Sweden when his father, who fortunately could afford to indulge

continued

his son's enthusiasms, encouraged the younger designer to try his hand at a 5.5-meter of his own. One of Chance's first efforts was a design so far out that no one dared build her, though ironically she looks quite normal today. This glimpse into the future was followed by a more conservative 5.5 design that was executed in wood and christened *Complex V*. She was no world-beater but she was hot enough to kindle young Chance's reputation as a future designer of meter boats.

Britton Chance's family owns about 60% of a corporation known as United Engineers and Constructors Co., which employs 11,000 men to build everything from steel mills to atomic power plants. But there is an old tradition in the family, as Brit puts it, "that everyone should make it on his own." Hence there was no objection whatever from Dr. Chance when young Brit decided to drop out of the University of Rochester, where he was studying physics, in order to spend his days working for Yacht Designer Ray Hunt and his nights sitting at the feet of an even greater master, L. Francis Herreshoff, son of the immortal Captain Nat.

It seems likely that young Chance could have followed easily in his father's footsteps as either scientist or construction magnate or pursued any of the paths readily available to scions of Philadelphia's Main Line. Tall and even-featured, he looks as cool and prosperous as Philadelphia's Mercantile Banking Company itself. But the same instinct that leads Chance to drive a battered jalopy (even if it is a Mercedes) instead of the Maserati he could easily afford, that leads him to live in an unfancy Oyster Bay rooming house instead of a lawned estate, makes him prefer to be his own man rather than his family's. "When they want to go off and do something on their own," says his father, "all you can do is thank God."

By the fall of 1961, Britton Chance had done enough on his own to interest Salt-maker Ted Hood, himself an ambitious yacht designer. Caught by the raging fever of the time (it breaks out wherever there is a challenge), Hood contracted to build a new Twelve, later christened *Neferiti*, for Boston millionaire Ross Anderson for the forthcoming America's Cup defense. Impressed by the young designer's 5.5s, Hood asked Chance to help him with the design.

While still at Rochester, Chance had spent much of his summer and vacation time poking around testing tanks at the Stevens Institute's Davidson Laboratory. There he learned how scientists tow precise scale models of boats in miniature seas, studying and measuring their tiniest reactions in an effort to predict the behavior of their full-scale counterparts in full-scale seas and winds. The knowledge he absorbed at Stevens puts Chance one-up on most of his rival 12-meter designers even today and should have made him a valuable asset to Hood in the cup campaign of 1962.

The two designers did not, however, see eye to eye. Chance's scientific approach and training were in constant conflict with Hood's intuitive feeling that success in 12-meter design lay in a wide beam and a big jib, even though Chance's tank testing seemed to show otherwise. Chance was constantly urging Hood to abandon his aircraft carrier concept and go for a more standard design, using the data they'd collected in the tanks, but Hood was determined on his own way. At last the younger man turned his back on the older and "walked out the door."

Counting *Neferiti*, Chance guesses he has drawn the lines for some 60 potential cup defenders to date, though obviously none of them ever got to defend the cup. The most notable and the only Twelve that was built entirely to Chance's own design and with full credit to him was barred by the rules of the

game from even having a try at the real racing. She, of course, is Baron Marcel Bich's *Chancegger* (named for Chance himself and Swiss Boatbuilder Hermann Egger), the only Twelve ever built specifically as a trial horse (SI, Nov. 24).

Chance was in London representing the U.S. at a meeting of the IYRU technical committee when the French baron tracked him down at the suggestion of Egger, who had built a number of Chance-designed 5.5s. "I told him," says Chance, "that before I did anything I'd have to check with the New York Yacht Club to see if it was all right and that kind of thing."

As far as the yacht club cared, it was. If those in charge of America's Cup matters in New York had any qualms about one of their number serving a potential enemy they made no mention of them, though some think they should have. "My own attitude," says Chance, who has strong opinions and usually offers them, "is that if France wins the America's Cup, the New York Yacht Club can only blame itself for not ordering a new boat from me. Besides, I think from the point of view of being prepared to help the American defense designing *Chancegger* provided invaluable experience without which we couldn't have improved *Intrepid* as much as we have. So the New York Yacht Club is getting the benefit from that angle as well."

As cavalier in his attitude toward the defense as he was to the challenge, Chance, utterly unawed at the job of re-

FRANCE'S "CHANCEGGER" HAS ALREADY SET SOME NEW STYLES IN 12-METER DESIGN



touching a masterpiece, went to work "improving" *Intrepid* a year after *Chancegger* was launched. The operation *Chance* performed on *Stephens'* old design was based mainly on his skill as a wetted-surface surgeon. Wetted surface is that part of a boat which contacts the water when she is under way, thereby setting up friction, or drag. Clearly, the less wetted surface, the less drag and the faster the boat. But because he was working with an existing boat with existing planking, shapes and dimensions, not to mention a budget only about a third the size of what a new boat would require, *Chance* was somewhat handicapped as to what he could do. Nevertheless, thanks to his *Chancegger* discoveries as well as his tank experiments, he was able to increase *Intrepid's* theoretical hull speed, not by the 2%, he once predicted as the maximum, but by a much greater percentage.

Chance began his surgery by replacing *Intrepid's* old keel with a new one that is little more than a small but heavy ventral fin. Next, following the dictates of what may prove to be a major breakthrough in 12-meter design, he altered the shape of her underwater stern sections. Before *Chance* began tank testing, it had been thought that a Twelve's run—that part of the hull that begins to narrow so that the surrounding water flows away from rather than toward it—should be relatively flat, like a surfboard. *Chance's* tank tests made him think that it should instead be V-shaped, so he reshaped *Intrepid's* underbody by plastering it with a lightweight foam pinned under her stern like a plastic bustle.

A test tank's results, however, can never be considered final, nor can the calculations of a computer. The way to test a boat is to float it and sail it. In May, *Intrepid* was lowered to the water and headed out to take part in the preliminary trials on Long Island Sound (St. June 22). Unlike silver-haired Olin *Stephens* who, dressed trimly in *Falout's* sharp red, white and blue uniform, watched the proceedings from the comfort of a big power-tender, *Chance* chased along by *Intrepid* in a little borrowed launch while wearing a pair of bright red pants. Encouraged by the fact that *Intrepid* won four of the seven races she sailed, splitting six races with *Falout* and easily beating Charley Morgan's even newer *Heritage* in their only meet-

ing, the designer became cautiously optimistic. "Well, yuh," he droned afterwards, "I think we proved that we're very much in the ball game."

The fact that *Intrepid* was sailing with her old sails gave *Falout* one huge advantage. A second advantage lay in the fact that *Falout* had been paced all through her shakedown by the old cup defender *Woolerby*, while neither *Intrepid* nor *Heritage* had any trial horse whatsoever to buck them up. Hence, both Morgan (his own skipper) and *Intrepid* helmsman Bill Ficker lacked the gloss which only constant brushing against a best competitor can produce.

In future trials both Morgan and Ficker plan to remedy this lack and sharpen the fight against *Falout* by serving as each others' trial horses. Meanwhile, the plastic bottom that *Chance* put on his boat to test her shape has been replaced with planking (the plastic twisted out of shape). With new sails to drive her in the forthcoming trials, *Chance's Intrepid* seems certain to keep not only herself but her designer in the ball game and could, conceivably, win it.

Meanwhile, with what he has done to *Stephens'* old boat and with what he has shown in *Chancegger*, Britton *Chance* has already made a huge contribution to America's Cup sailing. One of the tricks he traded on his French boat to lengthen her waterline and hence increase her speed consisted of making her rudder an actual appendage to the hull. He did it by making the rudder

more than seven inches thick where it breaks the surface and fairing it smoothly into the boat's bottom underneath. Significantly both *Falout* and *Heritage* are trying the same trick.

In addition, with the help of his chief engineer, Eric Hall, who used to work for Grumman Aircraft, *Chance* borrowed a space-age material for use in spars; that, too, has already been incorporated into all of the competitors to revolutionize 12-meter gear. (No matter what the precautions, a secret is hard to keep in cup racing.) A combination of boron epoxy, which is strong under tension, and carbon epoxy, which suffers compression gladly, the spar material is so light that a man can now pick up a 12-meter's 25-foot spinnaker pole with one hand.

Most of the competition that takes place in America's Cup racing takes place before the racing begins, and the three men racing on this side of the water have been competing at top speed for months. All three rival U.S. designers, *Stephens*, Morgan and *Chance*, have been shuttling to and from their drawing boards to the shipyards to the test tanks in New Jersey like rival suitors courting the same girl and all three are determined to get her. The intense competition has already cost one of them (*Chance*) one wife (she didn't think Hoboken was Fun City), but in America's Cup racing even a loser wins, for each series begins far beyond the spot where the last left off.

END

EVEN WITH OLD, ILL-FITTING SAILS, REDESIGNED "INTREPID" COULD HOLD HER OWN





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THE CALGARY STAMPEDE

The Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth is the billing Calgarians give their annual Stampede, and devotees of the Old West, at least, agree it is a reasonable claim. For 10 days each summer—this year, July 9-18—the whole Canadian city dresses in Western regalia, there is square dancing in the downtown streets, hundreds of Indians encamp and the world's top rodeo performers compete for more than \$100,000 in prizes, in all events from wild-cow milking to riding outlaw horses. Paul Hogarth, one of Britain's best-known graphic artists, drew the scenes from last year's Stampede that appear on the following pages. "For me," he says, "an Englishman raised on movie Westerns, this was the real stuff, all right!" Opposite is the main entrance to the Stampede, a reconstruction of the North West Mounted Police post that preceded the building of the present city of Calgary.







Calgary features championship calf roping and tying, steer wrestling and bull and bronc riding among regular events. In the chutes, waiting riders are accompanied by sons and tomboy daughters.





TAMPE DE



Tall, colorful tipis of the
Sarcee, Stoney, Blackfoot and
Peigan tribes embellish the
grounds; plain and fancy
attire of the Stampede's
spectators helps, too.



A COWBOY'S DREAM

In April 1912 a tall, dark stranger from Cheyenne, Wyo., stepped off a Canadian Pacific Railway train in Calgary, adjusted his black stetson and black silk kerchief, ambled up Stevens Avenue and checked into a \$10-a-week room in the Alberta Hotel. He had with him a shabby leather satchel, a marvelous gift of gab and a preposterous idea that was to be romantically billed in the *Calgary Herald* as "A Cowboy's Dream."

Guy Weadick was the name, podnub, and Calgarians would never forget it. Part cowpoke, part pitchman, the fast-talking Weadick was all hustle as he outlined his scheme to the local folks. With misgivings, but grasping for a way to bail out their troubled Calgary Industrial Exhibition, they bought it. The southern Alberta city in the green foothills of the Canadian Rockies has never been the same since.

What the locals bought was a plan for a super rodeo to end all super rodeos, a sort of Pendleton Roundup, Cheyenne Frontier Days, Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and New Orleans Mardi Gras rolled into one. It would feature the greatest cast of wild horses, broncbusters, steer ropers and wrestlers and fancy riders ever assembled, battling for world championships and prizes totaling \$50,000 in gold. In 1912 in Calgary, or anywhere else for that matter, this was quite a proposition.

Perhaps the clincher was Weadick's audacious promise of federal aid in assembling a giant and colorful concourse of Indian nations as his ethnic showpiece, with hundreds of braves drawn from the six tribes that roamed government reservations on the surrounding rangeland. As was true of the rest of Weadick's pitch, this was a promise kept.

The 1912 inaugural Stampede was a wild success. All the big-shot rodeo performers came from across North America and Mexico; 2,000 Indians rode up a storm in the opening parade and set up housekeeping for the duration. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught came, and so did 13,000 fans to whoop and holler at the opening performance. It wasn't

a bad effort at all for a frontier town of 47,000 souls that had begun as a station for the North West Mounted Police just 37 years before. And it didn't hurt the general enthusiasm either when handsome young Tom Three Persons came galloping in off the nearby Blood Reservation to steal the show from all those highfalutin foreign cowpokes. Sporting bright red sheepskin chaps and a wide boyish grin, the young brave put on a dazzling, daredevil ride to win the world bucking horse championship, a gold buckle belt, \$1,000 in cash and the instant adoration of the mob. Weadick himself couldn't have dreamed up a better boost for the future of the Stampede.

Things have changed a mite since 1912. Calgary is today a modern boom city of 310,000, including lots of millionaires who have gotten rich off the adjacent ranchlands and the oil that flows beneath, but the Stampede is a way of life for a good part of each summer as hundreds of citizens pitch in to help in an annual labor of love. Given fair weather, this year's show will draw more than a million spectators and net the local exhibition society more than half a million dollars. Events like the careening

heart-stopper called chuck-wagon races (*below*) have been added to the program, rodeo prize money now totals more than \$100,000 and for a dollar a throw the fans themselves can buy chances on a \$50,000 gold brick and \$25,000 worth of gold bars. In the Indian Village any elder will reverently doff his headdress to retell the story of the Greatest Stampede Indian of Them All, Tom Three Persons. There have been other lyrically named Indian champions since—King Bearspaw, Johnny Spotted Eagle, Harry Dodging Horse and Johnny Left Hand—but they have won in lesser events than the classic one of bronc riding. Johnny Left Hand, for instance, won his championship at wild-cow milking, thus striking a unique blow for underprivileged south-paws everywhere.

Most of the old heroes keep coming back to the Stampede, even when they are through competing. Dick Cosgrave, from Rosebud, Alberta, who won his first of nine chuck-wagon races back in 1926, is one of them. Now nearing 80, he will be there in the corral this week in charge of the races. Wild horses, of which Dick has seen plenty, couldn't keep him away. —ERIC WHITEHEAD



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If you want only the regular selection of your main musical interest, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. Or you may order any of the other cartridges offered from any field of music . . . or take no cartridge at all . . . just by returning the convenient selection card by the date specified. What's more, from time to time the Service will offer some special cartridges which you may reject by returning the special gated form provided . . . or accept by doing nothing.

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louth of a finger. The Amplifier has right and left speaker Volume Controls, plus Tone Control to adjust bass and treble balance. The Twin Speaker Enclosures have sensitive yet heavy-duty speakers for maximum stereo fidelity. From Japan, Dimensions: Player is 8 1/2" W x 4 1/2" H x 10 1/2" D. Amplifier is 6 1/2" W x 3 1/2" H x 8 1/2" D. Each speaker is 3 1/2" W x 5 1/2" H x 4 1/2" D.



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A33.7/55 A33.8/65

McLain: with love and hisses

Adoring Detroit fans turned out in record numbers to welcome their prodigal Tiger back to the den. But not all the tears were tears of joy

Neither his 90-day suspension for bookmaking nor his declaration of bankruptcy in the face of debts totaling \$446,070 appeared to put as much fear into Denny McLain as did his start against the Yankees last week. "What the hell am I doing out here?" he asked Al Kaline before his first game in nine months. Earlier, McLain had been telling almost everyone that he was "scared. Golf, tennis and basketball are fine, but the concentration isn't the same, and you don't have 50,000 people watching."

Scrutinizing might have been a better word. McLain was stared at from a distance and probed from in close. He was cheered loudly and hooted lightly, and all but pealed like a goose when he returned to Detroit for his first game since he was slapped, ever so gently, by Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn.

There were 53,863 fans at Tiger Stadium, the largest regular-season crowd in Detroit in nine years, and all of them had their eyes on McLain. They looked to see if he could perform the miraculous and pitch like a 30-game winner despite his long layoff. They were also checking to see if the old swagger was still there.

Perhaps the most interested onlookers

were McLain's 24 teammates, the beneficiaries of his brilliant pitching in the past and also the victims of his storied selfishness. They know McLain can pitch, although their professional knowledge correctly told them he would not be ready to defeat the Yankees. They wanted to find out if his troubles had succeeded in humbling him.

"He's a showboat and he digs the pressure," Tiger fan Dr. Fred Kellman told *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* Dan Levin at the game. "This is like a World Series. The big hero's come back."

"This game means more to him than any other he's ever pitched," said another fan sitting in the stands nearby. "I think he'll try harder than he's ever tried. He's different from an ordinary person. He's an egotist, and a little eccentric, and it takes a lot of that to be a good pitcher."

Most of the fans who came to Tiger Stadium seemed satisfied that he was the old Denny, the one they loved. He was cheered for 45 seconds when he came onto the field and acclaimed almost as boisterously—with a few boos mixed in—when he was removed in the sixth inning trailing 5-3. He had needed 96 pitches to get that far and had allowed

eight hits, three of them home runs.

McLain had said he would be disappointed if he were unable to pitch a complete game, and his style on the mound was vintage. He threw the ball over the plate and challenged the hitters. The Yankees made it plain that his challenges, for the moment, were not too tough, however. McLain accepted his near-defeat—the Tigers won the game 6-5 in 11 innings—philosophically. "Nine innings?" he replied to a question. "Well, I did, technically speaking. I threw about 100 pitches, and that's about how many I throw in a complete game. I guess the hitters were a bit better than my friends I've been practicing against at Lakeland High School."

McLain's wife, Sharyn, sat in Section 16, wearing white gloves despite the humidity and 91° heat. An oppressive swarm of news photographers had crowded around her seat before the game, causing her first to cry and then take refuge in the Tiger offices. She returned in time to see her husband pitch, the bright gloves forming a megaphone around her mouth as she yelled encouragement and flicking quickly as she applauded when Denny set the Yanks down in order in the first inning.

Across the street in Hoot Robinson's bar, a few oldtimers were not cheering. "I got 510 be losses," said a man with no teeth. "I'm saying he'll win," his friend countered. "He's a wonderful athlete, but as a moral man I can't see him, and I'm not a churchgoer." A beery customer down the bar said, "I think they oughta take that McLain out of town and tar and feather him."

Apparently that solution would be acceptable to some of the Tigers if they did not need McLain's arm to put them into the pennant race. In a conversation with *New York Daily News* columnist Dick Young, Outfielder Jim Northrup asked, "I've been answering a lot of questions. Now, do you mind if I ask you one? Are the flies hovering over the garbage or is the garbage landing among the flies?"

Catcher Jim Price added, "Everybody is waiting. They're waiting to see if he has learned to live with others, to be one of the team from now on."

The Tigers' other top pitcher, Mickey Lolich, who was stranded in Washington at the All-Star Game last year when McLain flew off after promising Lolich a plane ride back to Detroit, said, "The



McLAIN'S PERFORMANCE LACKED FINISH



WIFE SHARYN LACKED NO ENTHUSIASM

guy pulled the worst trick in the world, and he's getting a royal welcome back. Dan-da-di-dum. Bands, trumpets, probably a parade."

In talking about his bankruptcy, McLean said humbly, "I'm just a dummy. I made some terrible investments." So did his creditors. His bankruptcy petition shows that while he made poor investments he also simply welched on many of his bills at gas stations, hotels and stores. He failed to pay one creditor for \$19.95 worth of coffee, and he owes \$2,000 to his father-in-law, Lou Boudreau, who will be inducted into the Hall of Fame this month.

Detroit Manager Mayo Smith did not offer the censure voiced by many of Denny's teammates or the ready forgiveness of his fans. "Next year will tell," Smith said. "After he is exposed to the glamour and the glory and the hangovers on all over again, then we'll see if he falls into the same trap or whether he has really learned something."

THE WEEK

NL EAST Tom Seaver pitched his fifth and seventh consecutive complete-game victories for NEW YORK, but the Mets could not pull away from PITTSBURGH, which scored 26 runs in 41 hits in taking the first two games of a series against the Cubs. Roberto Clemente, who has only eight home runs all year, led the Pirates with four homers. Asked how many he figured he would hit if he played all his games in Wrigley Field, Clemente said, "There's no point talking about it because I'll never play for the Cubs. It's like asking somebody if they would mind being married to Raquel Welch. Sure they wouldn't, but there's no sense talking about it because it'll never happen." A CHICAGO radio station "yessed" Leo Durocher from his talk show just when the Cub manager was doing some bizarre berating himself. The station warned Leo, telling him to take a rest, presumably until the Cubs start winning. Leo then benched Billy Williams, who had played in 1,047 straight games and had averaged 361 as the Cubs lost their previous 10 games. Replaced in the starting lineup by a 227 hitter, Williams appeared as a late-inning substitute, but by then his team was well on its way to its 11th consecutive loss. ST. LOUIS was closing out a home stand and, to make sure he was well rested for his start the next night against the Expos,

Pitcher Mike Torrez was sent to Canada a day early. Torrez, it turned out, should have stood at bed. He was caught napping in the first inning, allowed six runs, and was again sent ahead of the rest of the club, this time to the clubhouse for an early shower or after retiring only two batters. PHILADELPHIA finally scored on the Mets after 53 runless innings against them at home. They did it with a game-winning, six-run rally in the eighth that included pinch hits by Tony Taylor, Ron Stone and Byron Browne. "Instead of a funeral," said Manager Frank Lucchesi, "we had a parade." MONTREAL, which ran up its longest winning streak ever (five games), let its fantastic fans share in the joy. "The way these people have supported us, we owe them a special gift," said smiling Expo Diner Bill Bronfman. "Everybody in the park [there were 17,576] gets a free ticket to another game."

NY 43-36 PTT 44-38 ST. L 39-40
CHI 37-40 PHIL 34-45 MONT 32-43

NL WEST CINCINNATI (page 12), which had been hitting almost two home runs a game, found the swinging may not be so easy in its new Riverfront Stadium where the Reds hit only one homer in their first six games. It was stroked by nonslugger Tommy Helms, who bounced a fly ball off the left field foul pole for his first home run of the year. Unable to match Helms' power, the rest of the Reds decided to mock it. When Helms trotted into the dugout, Angel Bravo and Jimmy Stewart were stretched out on the floor, feigning faints, while their teammates fanned them with towels. LOS ANGELES Reliever Jim Brewer comes from Broken Arrow in the Oklahoma Panhandle, where dust storms are as common as prairie dogs, but he never felt a wind as strong as the one at Candlestick Park last Saturday. "It was blowing so hard and with so much dirt and debris in it that I couldn't see," said Brewer, who has not given up a run in a month. "The fact is, I couldn't see the catcher, the batter or the umpire." He still pitched three gritty innings to earn credit for an 8-5 Dodger win. ATLANTA's Henry Aaron takes an occasional game off to stay fresh for his assault on Babe Ruth's home-run record, but if he sits down too often he may have to watch out for his replacement, Mike Lum. The Hawaiian outfielder stepped in for Aaron in a game last week, hit three home runs and drove in five runs. SAN FRANCISCO, the worst fielding team in the majors, committed seven errors in two games against the Dodgers and lost them both. HOUSTON batters hit only two home runs all week, but Pitcher Denny Lemaster didn't need that meager help from his teammates. He took things into his own hands. He blasted a homer and punched a single to drive in three runs, enough to defeat the Dodgers.

continued



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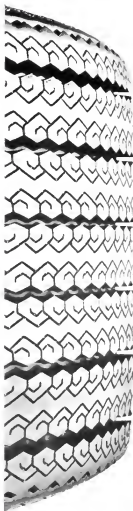


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BASBALL *continued*

ers without any help. After the Padres took their 12th loss in 13 games, rumor had it in SAN DIEGO that Manager Preston Gomez would soon join the town's aircraft workers at the unemployment office. Would President Buzzie Bavasi make the traditional denial? Well, almost. "I won't dignify a story that is not true," he said. "I won't say anything about something that has no foundation." Gomez knows that statements like that are about as cheap as bleacher seats. "You never unpack your suitcase in this business," he said.

CINN 57-33 LA 47-32 ATL 40-38
SF 37-41 NYY 36-47 SO 32-51

AL EAST Before the season, BALTIMORE Manager Earl Weaver promised to turn over a new leaf in his relations with umpires, and, until last week, his department had been retrained. Then Weaver let a few cleverly constructed phrases fly at Umpire Jake O'Donnell and took his first early shower of the season. "I got thrown out because I complained about ball and strike calls," Weaver said. "Actually, there were two in a row. When he blew the second one on Ray Fosse and Fosse followed with a homer, I decided I couldn't go through this aggravation for nine innings." NEW YORK dropped four straight games, its longest losing streak of the season, then broke it with help from unexpected sources. Reliever Ron Klimowski, who had no wins to go along with his 5.00 ERA, picked up a victory with four innings of scoreless pitching, and substitute Catcher Jake Gibbs cracked a two-run triple to drive in the winning score. Second Baseman Horace Clarke provided the Yanks' official clutch hit of the week. For the third time in a month he broke up a no-hitter with a ninth-inning base hit. Joe Nickerson of Montreal was the latest victim when Clarke hit a slow grounder to second. Nickerson, who was covering first on the play, failed to stop quickly while catching Dick McAuliffe's throw and his foot slipped off the base. BOSTON moved over .500 for the first time since early May as Carl Yastrzemski averaged .500 and cracked three home runs. WASHINGTON's Darold Knowles has a 1-6 record, but his 13 saves and 1.38 ERA make him the top left-handed relief pitcher in the league. After Knowles held the Yankees without an earned run for 2 1/2 innings last week, Yankee Pete Ward said Knowles was successful because he quick-pitches the batters. "You come up to the plate, put your head down a second while getting set, look up and the guy is into his delivery," claimed Ward. "What he does is legal, but immoral. He's a quick-pitch SOB." No sooner did Hawk Harrelson, who had not had a hit since he broke his leg in spring training, begin to work out with CLEVELAND than Manager Alvin Dark cut him down twice. First Dark disagreed with the Hawk's claim

that he would be ready to play regularly in early August. "He may be ready next March or April," said Dark, who then ordered Harrington to get a haircut before he put on an Indian uniform again.

SALT 52-32 NY 44-35 DET 41-32
BOST 40-36 WASH 37-43 CLEV 33-44

AL WEST MINNESOTA'S Harmon Killebrew hit three home runs, increasing his season total to 23 and putting him in his accustomed position on top among the American League's sluggers. When CALIFORNIA'S Clyde Wright attended Carson-Newman College in his hometown of Jefferson City, Tenn., he pitched the team to the NAIA championship. That was five years ago, but not until last Friday did the NAIA get around to installing Wright in its Hall of Fame. The ceremonies took place at Anheim Stadium before a game Wright was scheduled to pitch; two hours after the NAIA had finished with him, the left-hander was on his way to another Hall of Fame in an effortless performance in which he walked three men, Wright pitched a no-hitter against the A's, Reggie Jackson of OAKLAND, still batting only .230, homered in the winning run twice as the Athletics staged hot wins with victories in six of their last seven games. Ted Abernathy, who has been traded away this year by two National League contenders, the Cubs and the Cards, found a home in KANSAS CITY. Within three days of reporting to his new team, the submarine-reliever, right-hander posted a pair of wins and a save. A's Owner Charlie Finley and CHICAGO Sports Columnist Dave Conrad cooked up a little excitement at Comiskey Park. The 260-pound Condon, sometimes called New Mexico Fats, conned Finley into giving him \$145 to buy a costume which Condon wore onto the field in imitation of the rash of publicity-seeking go-go dancers and strippers who have made a deal of running onto baseball fields in remembrances to kiss players. Looking like a cow in drag, Condon galloped onto the field to kiss the A's first baseman, Joe Rudi. Rudi restrained Condon yelled, "Damn it, Rudi, stand still. If I have to run all the way to second base, you'll have to carry me back to the dugout." As Condon was being escorted from the diamond he stopped to plant a smooch on Umpire John Rice while the organist played *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*. The high jinks were even higher in MILWAUKEE where the Brewers have hired Milt Mason, a 69-year-old former wing guard, to sit atop the County Stadium scoreboard until the day the team draws a full house. The management has been realistic about how long that may take. They hoisted a fully equipped horse trailer to the top of the scoreboard for Mason, who could be there until 1984.

MINN 46-26 DAL 47-22 OAK 46-28
KC 26-46 CHI 28-52 MIL 27-53

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"Swimming is my main exercise," said **Doris Day** recently. "I keep my pool at 94 the year round, and I swim four times a day, I really do. And at night—I skinny dip." For the benefit of fans inclined to fall down in a faint at this news, Doris said reassuringly, "My pool is very, very private. Nobody could possibly see. Though sometimes," she added, throwing her admirers back into a nervous fit, "I do get the most awful feeling that maybe a gardener might be peeping in through the hedge."

♦ Race drivers traditionally concentrate on race driving and seldom realize that other sports exist. An exception is **Jackie Stewart**, hunter, fisherman and—*it now turns out*—golf hater, who is busily conning other racers into that game. During an interval in the current Formula 1 events in Europe, Stewart (left) and **Jochen Rindt** (right) took on **Graham Hill**, no golfer, who is still recuperating



from last year's accident, and a golf writer who happened to be nearby. Stewart also persuaded them to give his partner Rindt two strokes a hole and, at the first tee, told Rindt to keep his head down. The result? "Jochen kept his head down long enough to run off a string of four successive net birdies," the golf-writer reported, "and he clinched the match on the fifth hole when he exploded from a greenside bunker to 20 feet and two-potted for his fifth net birdie for the round." Now Stewart has invited Hill home for a short golfing holiday. "Bring friends," he said generously, "and plenty of pounds sterling."

During a stay at the Lake Rudolf Angling Club in Kenya, conductor **Zubin Mehta**, ignoring warnings about swimming, chose to bathe from a sandspit that for years has been home to a 12-foot crocodile renowned as a man-eater. The club manager took one look at Mehta, his wife and two children splashing about in the big crocodile's territory, and dispatched a messenger to order them out. The Mehtas emerged, sheepish but whole, and Mehta spent the remainder of his stay fishing for Nile perch and swimming in the club pool. He said it was the best vacation of his life, his life being something he was lucky to have come away with.

Ontario's Premier **John Roberts** cheerfully agreed to go up in a balloon to publicize the Canadian Open golf championship, held this year at the London (Ontario) Hunt and Country Club. The plan called for him to ascend from the club grounds and drift down at Stratford. The Hon. John Roberts clambered into the basket on schedule after saying, "Just great! I think it will be fun!" It wasn't, ac-



tually. The balloon went up, all right, but instead of moving north toward Stratford, was blown east into darkness and thundershowers, and the Premier, two hours later, had to be retrieved by police from a farmer's field in La Selette.

That "superb and cheerful runner," **Christopher Chataway**, has been appointed Britain's new Minister of Posts and Telecommunications. A former professional broadcaster, Conservative MP from Lewisham and, most recently, chairman of the Inner London Education Authority, Chataway is most affectionately recalled by American track fans as the cigarette-smoking, beer-drinking miler who paced **Roger Bannister** to the world's first, and **John Landy** to the world's second, sub-four-minute mile, eventually making it down to 3:39.8 himself. He still smokes, he still drinks beer and he still runs—"Most weekends, over the Sussex Downs, when I'm home. For about 10 years after I stopped competitive athletics I didn't do any exercise, no squash or any-

thing like that. Then I was in Los Angeles in 1967 doing some writing, and I had to wait about to see [Governor] Reagan, so I went out jogging along the seashore. I suppose I kept it up now," misses the 39-year-old British Cabinet minister, "because I feel the advent of middle age."

♦ In 1946 **Vince Landrieu** pitched for the team that won the American Legion Little World Series; last month, as mayor of New Orleans, he took the mound to pitch for a softball team made up of city officials against the City of New Orleans team of the commercial Athletic Association league. Mayor Landrieu was wiped out in three innings, having allowed 11 runs and 12 hits, and his team lost by a score of 19-0. Probably he ought to be sent down, but will the Little Leagues take a 39-year-old?

Nate Bowman, backup center for the world champion New York Knicks until he was traded to the Buffalo Braves, recently teamed up with **Henri Phipps**, a classmate from Nate's days at Wichita State, in a furniture design firm. The company, known as Wandum ("We got our name from the Nigerian dictionary," Phipps says. "It means extraordinary."), is backed by other black athletes such as **Lee White**, **Isaiah Lann**, **Spencer Haywood** and **Warren Armstrong**. Phipps is the designer, Bowman the vice-president of public relations. "Our furniture is designed for young people aged 19 to 25 who make from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year and live in small quarters," says Phipps. Bowman—who at 6' 10" sleeps in a seven-foot custom-made bed—is more concerned with his customers' dimensions. The Wandum line, Bowman explains, "is suitable for everyone—big men, little men and midgets."

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Hanging in for Women's Lib

On Sunday afternoon Donna Caponi, a 25-year-old Californian, walked shakily off the 18th green of the Muskogee Country Club, the winner by a stroke of the 1970 Women's Open and for the second successive year the country's champion female golfer. To defend her title Donna had beaten 126 other women with all the attendant liver-eating and agony that customarily go with such an accomplishment. Also she had walked 15 miles over the fields through 100° heat under an Oklahoma sun that stood not much higher than an elephant's eye. Just for good measure, Donna and the other girls had played some of the holes to a serenade of firecrackers set off by good old Oklahoma boys celebrating the national birthday. To the environmental hazards Donna added some horrendous golf on the 72nd hole, which she double-bogeyed with six shots that would have driven the average hacker straight to his local pro for six jiffy lessons in how to hit—well, just about any shot you can name.

Still, when the scores were totaled and the guntlet, so to speak, run, Donna picked up a non-negotiable trophy and a check for \$5,000. Taken out of context, the money may seem more than adequate compensation for playing any sort of a game under any conditions. However, if this were a just and severely rational world, Donna's check would have been for \$30,000, the amount paid Tony Jacklin a few weeks ago for winning the men's U.S. Open. Which is another way of saying Muskogee made Women's Lib seem pretty reasonable.

Assuming that any golf tournament is worth paying to watch, then by objective standards of judgment a good women's match is in many ways a better buy than stag golf. It is possible to see what is going on, for one thing, crowds being moderate and opportunities for close association with the performers many. At men's shows, the Armes and Fleas prevent all but the most persistent and pugnacious from seeing much. And a lithe, emotionally expres-

sive girl in a short skirt generally makes a more attractive spectacle than a paunchy, balding male who, for reasons of masculine tradition and ego, usually wears a frozen, I-am-stalking-a-lion, do-not-disturb mask.

So why did Donna carry away only \$5,000 and Tony \$30,000? The main reason, of course, lies in the almost incredibly explosive power of the men's game, a lot of good weekenders could have matched Miss Caponi at Muskogee, but who could have challenged Jacklin at Hazletline? But in addition there is a deep-rooted attitude at large in the nation that the Girl Next Door ought to damn well stay there—symbolically at least—and that girls who don't are some kind of freaks. And any girl who moves away to play golf for money is doubly freaky, if not downright kinky.

Touring women golf professionals, it is true, do not look exactly like the Girl Next Door, being as a rule more tanned, fit and muscular. Their life style is nomadic and therefore suspect. When, as Jo Ann Prentice once put it, they come to town and then go out on it, they are stigmatized as swingers; when they stay in their motels and relax, they raise other sorts of questions.

But women pros live lives that would drive many Girls Next Door right up the walls. They master intricate skills beyond the temperamental and physical capacities of most. And they endure for paltry sums professional indignities no male pro would countenance.

So it was at Muskogee. It was a tournament in which the amateurs—golf's equivalent of the Girls Next Door—were not a factor. The thing was settled among the pros—the Caponis, the Manns, Engleghoms, Spuzachs, Whitworths, Prentices and Haynes—and ultimately between two of them on the final green.

On the first two days it had been Donna and Carol Mann, who came to Muskogee with her golf game shaky, her need acute to justify it and herself "I want to get back together," Carol had said, Thursday and Friday



WAS DONNA'S CHECK \$30,000 SHORT?

she did, playing three under par and sharing the lead with her good friend Donna. But on Saturday she lost it, and her 77 dropped her back of the pace, behind a bunch of girls named Sandra. Donna Caponi, meanwhile, had the Open practically won on Saturday. The three Sandras—Haynes, Spuzach and Palmer—lagged four or more strokes back, and Donna seemed impervious to sun, heat and fireworks.

In point of fact, she was beginning to unravel and, going into No. 18 on Sunday with a two-stroke lead, she saw her game nearly collapse. She hooked her drive, pushed a second shot wide and short of the green, pitched over it, scuffed a chip and finally got on, needing a five-foot putt to win. The ball fell into the cup only in its act of dying, and after the carth turned just enough to help.

Strangely enough, of all the women pros, Donna Caponi seems most easy to identify with the average girl. Her father and younger sister Janet both follow the same calling, and turning professional seemed, if anything, normal for her. But the image is misleading. "I know it sounds terrible," she said before the Open, "but I know I am going to win. I've been charging myself up for this for months."

What might fairly be said is that Donna Caponi is a thoroughly professional woman with the kind of discipline, stability and fortune that the really able Girl Next Door could well use. **END**

It almost came up roses for Rosewall

But the aging Aussie's gallant bid at Wimbledon failed before the power of young John Newcombe

Pity Ken Rosewall. Sixteen years ago he stood on Wimbledon's center court in the finals against Jaroslav Drobný, a 19-year-old boy against a Wimbledon favorite. Drobný won, a popular decision, and little sympathy was wasted on Rosewall. Surely he would have other opportunities. Two years later Rosewall reached the finals again and this time he lost to his doubles partner, Lew Hoad. When Rosewall turned pro, he became ineligible for Wimbledon and by the time open tennis arrived, Rod Laver had supplanted him as the best player in the world.

And yet last week, on a damp, humid afternoon, there was Ken Rosewall, now 35, back on center court and in the finals, back for perhaps his last try at the one major title he had never won. Across the net was John Newcombe, another Australian—this was the 10th All-Australian final in the last 15 years—a big, strong, good-looking 26-year-old with a crashing serve and volley and the stamina to run all day. It would be pleasant to report that little Ken, with his lightning backhand and delicate touch, cut the bigger man down, as almost everyone in London wanted him



DEFEATED ROSEWALL, WITH NEWCOMBE BEHIND HIM, LIFTS HIS ARM IN FAREWELL

to do. In truth Newcombe won and it was not really close, that is if you can call a five-set match not close.

Rosewall won the first set by breaking Newcombe's big serve in the 11th game and then holding his own.

But for the next hour it was all Newcombe. Whenever Rosewall missed with his first serve, Newcombe would take the weak second one on his forehand, perhaps the strongest in tennis, and pin Rosewall back on his heels. Newcombe won the second and third sets 6-3, 6-2 and when he immediately broke Rosewall to start the fourth set, the rout appeared to be on. Rosewall looked exhausted, and he would serve the brief rest periods to sit at the base of the umpire chair, waiting until Newcombe took his position on the court before rising.

Losing 1-3, Rosewall fell behind love-30 on his serve and it seemed certain that Newcombe was about to apply the crusher. There then occurred one of the most remarkable reversals in Wimbledon

history. Rosewall won four straight points to make it 2-3. He won four more on Newcombe's serve to even the set. Four more made it 12 straight points and 4-3 Rosewall. Again Rosewall broke Newcombe, held his own serve and won the set 6-3. From that black moment in the fifth game he had won 20 out of 23 points.

The applause around the stadium was, by Wimbledon's standards, enormous—but it was applause for a dying man. Newcombe may be young, but he does not shake up easily. Leading 2-1 in the fifth set, he broke Rosewall's serve and rattled off four more games in a row for the match. For Newcombe it was his second Wimbledon title—he won in 1967—while Rosewall had only the sad distinction of the most years between losses in the finals.

In women's singles, the title went to another Australian, Margaret Court, who survived a strained left ankle and a marathon final match with the only

woman in the world fit to rally with her, Billie Jean King. The girls are old rivals. In 1962 they met in the first round—it was Miss Smith and Miss Moffet then—and Billie Jean, an unknown, startled everyone by upsetting Margaret, who was seeded No. 1. In the years since then, Billie Jean had won three Wimbledon titles, Margaret two. This year Margaret had already won the Australian and French championships, so at Wimbledon she was seeking the third leg of the grand slam.

Wimbledon treasures its great matches and this year's Court-King battle has already been stashed away as a classic. To recount all the peaks and valleys is impossible, but it should be remembered that the girls were on center court for 2½ hours in a 4-12, 11-9 match that set all sorts of endurance records.

For most of the first week of Wimbledon it was a quiet tournament, with plenty of time for ice lollies in the sea garden. The crowds were enormous, lured by the sunny weather, and at the top of the day, which at Wimbledon is about 6 p.m., it was impossible to move along the pathways between the outside courts.

For the players the early days were much like a class reunion, for it is only at major championships, such as Wimbledon and Forest Hills that all of them get together. Laver confided that this was the first time he had ever come to Wimbledon feeling on top of his game—a staggering thought—then went out and crushed young Bunch Sewnagen to open the tournament. Newcombe admitted his back was better than last year, when he had been forced to sleep on the floor of his London hotel room. "But embarrassing, you know," he said, "looking up to the wife to say goodnight."

It was on Saturday of the first week—middle Saturday, the British call it—that the tournament suddenly came alive. Laver, winner of four Wimbledon titles and 31 consecutive matches, took center court for his fourth-round test against Roger Taylor, a rugged left-hander from Yorkshire. Almost from the start it was clear that Laver was dramatically off form. In the first set Taylor was no better and he gave it away to the champion 6-4. But as Taylor watched Laver's first serve miss repeatedly and saw him hit shots low into the net or far wide of the lines, he realized he could win and his game improved. Nothing Laver did was right—a truly remarkable

negative performance—and he dropped the next three sets, winning only seven games. At match point, with the capacity crowd hardly believing it and with thousands of people outside the stadium watching the electric scoreboard, Laver double-faulted away his title.

Less than an hour after Laver's defeat, America's third-seeded Arthur Ashe was on center court, his chances of winning the title now greatly increased. Against him was Andres Gimeno, a seasoned and underrated Spaniard, but not in Ashe's class on grass. When Ashe had heard about Laver, he had said to himself: "Just give me four more good matches." As it turned out, he didn't get even one. Playing with supreme casualness, which is his style, he went down without a gurgler in three straight sets.

Ashe's defeat capped a disastrous fourth round for U.S. players. Six of them had been among the last 16 in the tournament. After the round, only Clark Graebner remained. Ashe, Dennis Ralston, Stan Smith, Marty Riessen and young Tom Gorman, who had upset Cliff Drysdale to reach the fourth round, all lost, winning only three sets among them.

The second week of the tournament the weather changed, turning gray and cold. The London newspapers had a field day with Taylor, just as they had in 1967 when he had reached the semifinals. TAYLOR THE FANTASIER was one headline. He was "the Sheffield stock-

worker's son" and "full of true Yorkshire grit." His left arm was "a shining scimitar." Taylor made the semis again by rolling over Graebner, but Rosewall, who had reached the round by upsetting Tony Roche in one of the really good matches, beat him in four sets to "shatter the golden dream," as the papers screamed the next day.

Gimeno also reached the semifinals, beating unseeded Boh Carmichael, while Newcombe defeated Roy Emerson in five bitterly fought sets—another good match. Against Newcombe, Gimeno was tense and uncomfortable and he was never in contention.

So it was Rosewall against Newcombe and if sentiment counted it would have been Rosewall in straight sets. The BBC put Drobny and Hold on television and both picked their former Wimbledon opponent to finally win one. So did Jack Kramer, who was acting as the BBC color man. When Rosewall rallied to win the fourth set, older newsmen in the press section, those who have seen every Wimbledon since Borotra and Lacoste were having it, began warming to one of the epic stories. But John Newcombe wouldn't allow it. "It's not that I was unsympathetic," he said later. "But let's face it, I wanted to win, too." Then he turned to Rosewall, who was sitting beside him. "You're going to Bristol next week, aren't you? Good. You can win that." END

NOW SEE HERE, MY DEAR

Good old Wimbledon worries about its image. There are those who still haven't recovered from the shock of that first pair of men's shorts nearly 40 years ago, even though they were white, and each year since, it seems, someone makes a new flank attack on fashion. So, in 1970, here came Arthur Ashe in a cream-colored, high-collared tunic, right out of *Bea Caves*, and then that regal Italian beauty, Lea Perselli, showed up all covered with sequins, enough to give anybody the shivers, by George. But Lea didn't last beyond Mrs. Billie Jean King, naturally, and that left fresh young lovely Carol Kalogeropoulos, at right, who really shook the establishment with—horrors—the first see-through tennis costume. True, the cut was sedate, even a bit on the mod side, but there was all that, well, all that sort of air of transparency about it. But Carol did not last, either. Tradition did. There will always be a Wimbledon. Until next year.



Hot colts and clambakes in the cool Catskills

The traditional meeting of good times, good company and good racing was celebrated at Goshen, N.Y. last week, in the gentle Catskill foothills where trotting was more or less born and reared. Once the home of the sport's most important race, the Hambletonian, Goshen is still regarded as the first significant stop of the summer, the place where the premier stables display their well-bred young stock in the classic two-out-of-three mile-heat events. Here, too, with nearly all the top horsesmen in attendance, bull sessions over clambakes are long and lively, and one standard question is, who is going to win this season's Hambletonian?

For the past two years, with a supercolt like Nevele Pride (1968) and a very good one like Lindy's Pride (1969), the outcome of the Hambletonian was almost a foregone conclusion, even as early as Goshen week. But if anybody has a standout colt in 1970, it is the best-kept secret since Pearl Harbor. Instead, the barns are bulging with contenders and pretenders—which is fine, of course, with Bill Hayes, whose family has run the Hambletonian since it was moved to Du Quoin, Ill. in 1957. At a clambake near Goshen one night last week,

Hayes said, "I think everybody enjoys it more when there are a lot of good horses, like we have this year. I wouldn't even mind seeing the race go three heats for a change, because that's where a true champion shows his form."

On Wednesday afternoon Hayes was among a perspiring, sun-reddened crowd of 2,500 that overflowed the old wooden grandstand at Goshen's Historic Track to watch the week's Hambletonian prep—the Dickerson Cup. The winner, in straight heats, was Nevele Rascal, a steady colt who is being brought along nicely by the same team that raced Nevele Pride—Stanley Dancer and the Nevele Acres Stable of Ellenville, N.Y. The last heat was a photo finish between Rascal and another fine trotter, Castleton Farm's Fancy Dartmouth.

"I didn't think he got it, to tell you the truth," said the stable's owner, Julius Slutsky, who drove over from his resort in the nearby Catskills. "One more step and he wouldn't have," said Dancer. "This colt plugs, but he doesn't have that top speed yet."

Rascal is one of three colts that Dancer is pointing toward the Hambo on Sept. 2. Another of them, Gallant Prince, is taking a brief rest at Dancer's

farm in New Egypt, N.J., but the third, Clayt Hanover, started in the \$24,000 Hanover-Hempt Stakes Friday night at Pocono Downs near Wilkes-Barre, Pa. The field at Pocono was loaded with Hambletonian candidates not quite ready for the two heats required at Goshen. Billy Haughton had Gil Hanover, and Johnny Simpson was finally giving Timothy T. his first start of the season. Timothy, a terror at 2, broke stride and was an also-ran as Gil won; Jester was a surprising second.

Despite the interest in the Hambletonian, a good deal of chatter at Goshen's cocktail parties and cookouts concerned the most remarkable crop of 2-year-olds anyone could remember. On the trotting side, a dozen stables seem to feel they have the winner of next year's Hambletonian. Haughton has some of the better ones in his barn, including A.C.'s Orion, a bay colt who last Tuesday won Goshen's feature event for juvenile trotters, the E. H. Harriman Challenge Cup. He won in straight heats, in the good times of 2:06½ and 2:07½, and his prospects are hardly dimmed by the fact that his sire is Star's Pride, daddy of seven Hambletonian winners.

Also rich in 2-year-olds this year is Delvin Miller, the jovial master of Meadowlands Farm and the Grand Circuit's uncontested all-time champion eater of clams. On Monday at Goshen, Miller drove Keystone Sekene, a filly, to victory in two heats of the Acorn stake, tying the record of 2:06½ in the first heat, then coming back to beat it with 2:06 in the final. On Tuesday night at Pocono, Miller drove his impressive Quick Pride to a 3½-length victory in one division of the Hanover-Hempt 2-year-old stake. In the other division, a colt few had even heard of—Noble Gesture—easily trotted away from another good field in 2:04½, one of the fastest times of the year for this class.

On the pacing side, one good reason for the excellent performances is that this is the year Bret Hanover's first crop of sons and daughters get to the races. Bret is generally regarded as the greatest pacer of all time. After his last mile



A SWEET TROTTING PAIR contests the Dickerson at Goshen as Stanley Dancer leads with Nevele Rascal on the rail and is challenged in the first turn by Frank Ervin and Speedy Spin.

In 1966, a world record 1:53.0 over Lexington's red-clay track, his owner, the late Richard Downing, sold a half-interest in Bret to Castleton Farm for about \$2 million. Then Bret went to stud, was booked to 65 mares in his first season, and horsemen all sat back and waited to see if Bret would be as successful a sire as he was on the racetrack. Owning a Bret Hanover colt became extremely fashionable—and now it is proving to be equally profitable.

Nowhere were the Brets more in evidence than at Goshen on Monday, in the heats of the Goshen Cup for 2-year-old pacers. In the first, Count Bret finished second. In the second heat, Brets finished 1-2-3-5-7, and then Count Bret won the final after Flying Bret broke stride in the last turn. Two other Brets were second and fourth.

All these Brets had everybody feeling slightly giddy—even such an experienced hand as Frank Ervin, 65, who trained and drove Bret Hanover himself. "It looks like he's going to be a tremendous sire in his very first year," said Ervin. "I think that several of his foals have picked up his characteristics, including his size and his gait. And they should stay sound, too, because Bret never had any trouble at all."

Ervin didn't race any Bret Hanover colts at Goshen, but he did pull on his familiar red-and-green silks and bring out a nice trotter named Speedy Spin for the Dickerson Cup. Long ago in his 50-year career Frank decided to concentrate on the classics, and he has won the Hambletonian twice and the Little Brown Jug three times. Now, although more or less retired, Ervin still has to be reckoned with when the big races come along. Speedy Spin managed only a couple of third-place finishes, but Ervin seemed pleased as he sat in the paddock, sipping milk.

"I didn't want to heat his guts out," he said. "I just can't see that, not with the Hambletonian coming up. I mainly wanted to get him ready."

It is worth remembering Speedy Spin, but Ervin has another trotting colt, Old Glory, who has not even started yet and may be the best of all. But more likely, as they were saying in Goshen last week, this year's Hambo will be a wild, wide-open battle until late in the afternoon of Wednesday, Sept. 2, when Bill Hayes finally will hand somebody the most-treasured trophy in the old sport.

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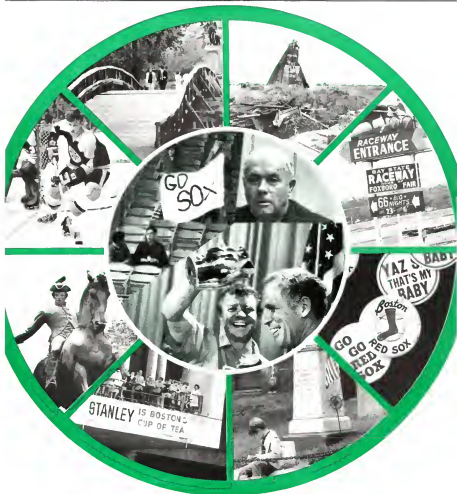
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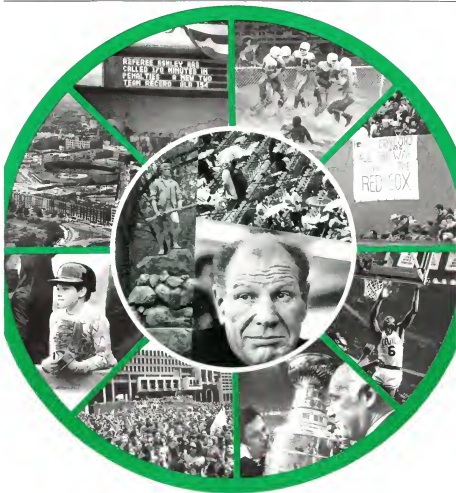
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WHO ARE THE HUB MEN?



Sports, politics and tradition all have equal status in Boston, which has again refused to build a municipal stadium. Is Boston trailing the rest of the country? Maybe it's so far ahead it just seems behind **by FRANK DEFORD**



Boston has never been what it is supposed to be. It is by nature perverse and contradictory. The original Boston patriot, for instance, was James Otis, a lawyer whose attack on Crown law in 1761 caused John Adams to write: "Then and there the child Independence was born." But Otis became increasingly Tory, took little part in the Revolution and was sought out (no doubt), struck and killed by lightning in 1783, when independence was just becoming a fact to the people to whom he had introduced the idea.

Boston still celebrates the shot heard round the world with Patriots Day and the Boston Marathon, and it honors its Evacuation Day the date when the British army left town. The Redcoats pulled out sometime after the Battle of Bunker Hill, which was fought some distance away on Breed's Hill, and which, legend and whites of their eyes notwithstanding, the British won in a rout. Then, on Evacuation Day itself, 1,000 Bostonians—a substantial part of the 1776 population—chose, of their own volition, to depart their homes and the Cradle of Liberty and escape with the tyrants. This particular slant on Evacuation Day is not widely promulgated.

But, as Ted Williams would testify, it helps to have a good press in Boston. For instance, it was not Paul Revere who got through to Concord to alert the Minute Men. A British patrol captured Paul Revere, Dr. Samuel Prescott was the rider who warned Concord. Unfortunately, Prescott does not rhyme at all well with "you shall hear," so Revere got the ink. This would be no problem nowadays. Prescott or Revere, the papers would just headline it **HUB MAN WARNS CONCORD**. If Neil Armstrong had come from Dorchester or Charlestown, it would have been, **HUB MAN ON MOON**. If a Pope ever comes out of Southie (South Boston), it will be **TAN HUB MAN PONTIFF**. Every day Hub Man does something, though it is not always clear why.

For instance, Evacuation Day survives

as a legal holiday primarily because General Howe had the foresight to schedule it on St. Patrick's Day. There is a great parade in Southie and, predictably, the biggest band goes to ex-Senator Leverett Saltonstall, who is not the least bit Irish. Ecumenism is selective, though. Hub Men never liked their own heavyweight champion, Jack Sharkey, because he was a Lithuanian with an Irish name. The Red Sox were the last major league team to integrate, and Edward Brooke is the only black Senator in the United States. It was deemed improper that the Harvard football coach be given a harmless hack job with a racetrack, but there is not a Hub Man in town who cannot get a traffic ticket fixed and then bore others with the proud details of his feat. Who are these Hub Men?

Kevin White, the mayor, sits in his office in city hall. It is surely the most magnificent municipal building in the country, but most Hub Men sneer at it, preferring seedy old Scollay Square, which it replaced. "We're a truly unique city," Mayor White says. "When characterized, we're inevitably dismissed as either The Late George Apley or The Last Hurrah, but we're not either, if we ever were. We're a small town that's an international city, and that's very unique indeed."

Boston is ambivalent, ironic, at odds with itself. "The place was still a cow pasture till John L. Sullivan put it on the map," says Sam Silverman, the fight promoter, offering yet another theory of Boston history. The Hub Men loathed that barroom bully, but they burst Merrick for peddling his *American Merit* on the Common. Banned in Boston is still not passe. They arrested anyone who showed *I Am Cripple* (Tel-one), and the whole state supreme court went off to examine *Hair*. One of the most prominent black athletes in Boston recently bought a house in a white neighborhood. The man who sold him the house was immediately thrashed by a next-door neighbor. Bill Russell dis-

misses Boston as the hole in a sugared liberal doughnut. Yet nowhere is there a more liberal thrust. Boston is capital of the first state that passed a law challenging the President's authority to order soldiers to Vietnam.

Above all, Boston reserves the right to regularly change its mind. A scrapbook clipping, bound by yellowing Scotch tape, dated May 12, 1960, from a paper that no longer exists, describes a scene in a hotel that is now out of business. It is about the new Boston stadium—which also does not exist. "We'll be within the Boston city limits. We'll break ground this year," says Billy Sullivan, the president of the Patriots football team. There have been 28 or 29 or 30 or 3,000 more proposals since then, and yet Boston still remains without a municipal stadium, with the distinction of having argued over the issue longer than any city in the land.

Boston is the town that sold Babe Ruth to New York, saluted the c-b driver that ran down Casey Stengel and greeted its own Celtics, the greatest basketball team ever, with enmity. It took 50 years for major league baseball to move a team, and as soon as it made up its mind it hustled a club out of Boston over a weekend. The Hub Men yawned when the Redskins went to Washington and stirred even less when the football Yanks left. Fewer than 5% of the Patriot stockholders even bother to buy season tickets. Boston locked Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston out of town long before Clay's draft troubles. Rocky Marciano came from just down the road in Brockton, but he could never get into Boston because there was always a guy with a warrant out to grab him and hang some obscure suit on him. "I've been scuffling for 40 years—since I was 16," says Bill Veck, now the head of Suffolk Downs. "Before I got to Boston I was sued just once—and it was thrown right out of court. I've been here only 18 months and have been involved in eight suits." They threw lines and

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THE HUB MEN continued

everything else at Ted Williams. Who are these Hub Men?

With what is now the smallest major league park in the U.S., Boston trailed only the Mets in baseball attendance last year. Beantown supports dog tracks and Harvard football with equal fervor. The Garden bangs out for high school hockey. The Hub Men keep flat tracks as far away as Rhode Island and New Hampshire open in the dead of winter. Boston loves crew races and pops for more big-time tennis than any city in the land, while Bruno Sammartino also sells out regularly. It was Boston where the Ice Follies made the first \$1 million run, and when the city finally did let Clay and Marciano in (together, for their computer fight), Boston responded with the biggest gate in the country. Ken Harrelson, not recognized as a man of oppressive sentiment, babbled like a baby when they traded him out of town. Jackie Jensen, the old California golden boy, is nearly bathetic on the subject. He even remembers the weather as being good. "It was all great, just great," he says at last. Ted Williams says: "It might be better than any sports town you can name."

Who are these Hub Men?

For the sake of our international relations, a bill should be placed before Congress that would require any traveler from abroad to disembark at Boston and spend 48 hours there before moving on to New York and the rest of the U.S. Boston would serve as a decompression chamber. It is one of the last outposts of cosmopolitan behavior in the land; a city, yet not overwhelming. "We don't want to be a mini-New York," the mayor says. "Our problems are still solvable."

Upon arrival in Boston, foreigners would be shown that American cab drivers can be polite, that subways can be clean, that college students, even with long hair, do not engage solely in public anarchy and intercourse. Then a trip down the Freedom Trail, a stroll by the banks of the Charles and a dinner at the Ritz or Joseph's. Afterward the foreign tourists would be brought to the sur-

continued



Painting of John Newcombe, a member of the Rawlings Advisory Staff, playing the new Rawlings Ultrac aluminum racquet.

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THE HUB MEN continued

face of America—to the frontier, as it were—namely a Bruin game at the Boston Garden. Following this exposure, New York cabbies, railroad clerks, thumbly waitresses, teen-agers and all egalitarians who use "Hon" and "Mac" as a form of address would appear neither intimidating nor extreme.

"Get him from behind, pull him down and pound him," a gentleman in the balcony suggests in a loud voice. Here is belligerent America, a crowd that knows its hockey only less than its values. Opponents—or the champion Bruins on the rare occasions when they play poorly at home—are demeaned in a vocabulary never heard in other sports. Players are not dismissed as just "bums" or "stiffs." Instead, they are "cowards" or "chickens." When curiously archaic epithets like "weasel" and "sewer rat" are favored, the adjective "yellow" is sure to be prefixed. Good, clean players like Don

McKinney get run out of town. It seems more a test of belligerence than of sport, and it is very nearly ugly.

It is not ugly, though, because Hub Men understand hockey and appreciate the intricacies of the game. The crowd resembles an educated Spanish bullfight audience more than an American sports gathering. It is an intimate crowd, too, clubby at every level. Below, in the best seats, old preppies with angular Marquand faces, still wearing blue button-down oxfords and thin regimental stripes, are as neighborly and vociferous as the Gallery Gods who sit above in the 52 seats of the first rows of the top rim. At least one of the Gods has been there for every Bruin game since the Garden opened for hockey on Nov. 20, 1928, when a surging mob of 17,000 literally broke down the doors in a prologue of things to come. There is a riot every April, predictably, when the few

playoff seats not held by season ticket-holders go on public sale. Those who camped out are trampled. Women are mauled. Only the strong and mean survive to get inside and see the Bruins play.

Unlike all other U.S. cities—except, perhaps, Minneapolis-St. Paul—hockey is part of the tradition in Boston, not a Sunday road show with mercenaries in from Saskatchewan. The usual roles, in fact, are reversed with basketball, which is the grass-roots game for most of the country. When the Celtics first came to town in '46, so few high schools emphasized basketball that Honey Russell, the coach, had to have clinics for the basketball writers to create interest in the game.

Though basketball is no longer alien, the populace remains indifferent to it. "I've always thought we had a better chance of losing the Celtics than the Pa-

continued

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trials," says Sam Cohen, the sports editor of the *Record American* for 35 years. Bob Cousy finally grew so discouraged and exasperated that he left the area he loves. His highly ranked Boston College teams drew mainly out-of-state students; the Celtics made money only because of the playoffs. Then the fans were there for blood—not the real kind that the Bruins could provide on the ice but the symbolic variety that the lowly Bruins could not give them in those years: the blood of the vanquished. They were swirling, nasty mobs, so uncontrolled in the presence of victory that after the 1966 championship was won, John Havlicek sat disgusted in the victorious locker room and denounced them as ruffians.

Of course, except for the extraordinary dynasty, the Celtics would have gone under years ago. The team lost \$462,000 in its first four years. In 1950 Garden President Walter Brown and a partner took over the Celtics for a token \$2,500. Before Bill Russell appeared, rather like a divine intervention, Brown had lost \$500,000 and had literally mortgaged his home. Eddie Powers, the friendly Hub Man who now runs the Garden, served as assistant treasurer of the Celtics. Since there was no money in the treasury, he was more valuable for his qualifications at legend-making. "We used to have to spend all of the withholding tax," Powers remembers. "One day the IRS man finally gave up and came to my office and said that the Government had taken enough from us and had to take us over. I stood up behind my desk and spread out my hands—you have to be an actor sometimes—and said, 'O.K., you're going to have an auction sale of the Boston Celtics. How much do you think the Government can get from a dozen T-shirts, some used jockstraps and a few beat-up basketballs?' Those were the assets of the Boston Celtics. He left, shaking his head, and Walter kept the thing going."

Hockey remains the winter game. More than 150 high schools in the area field teams, and there are amateur leagues going at every rink. Up at Lynn one league plays at 3:30 in the morning. Mayor White plays hockey. One

day in March the Bruins drew 4,000 to a practice. A few days before, in a four-day period, 68,840 paid to see five Garden hockey events—NHL, college and high school. When BC opened its new rink in 1958 with a game against Harvard, Cardinal Cushing himself intervened to get the best Eagle skater out of scholastic purgatory and into the lineup. State politicians, who know where the votes are, maintain that there are now more French-Canadians in the Greater Boston area than any other ethnic group, including the fabled Irish.

"Let's not kid ourselves," Eddie Powers says. "Without the Bruins this place doesn't open." The Garden, a brainchild of Tex Rickard, is one of only a handful of arenas in the nation to run at a profit, and hockey—plus its genteel cousins, the ice shows—is the reason. The Bruins are a wholly owned subsidiary of the Garden, and its young president, Weston Adams Jr., admits that he is interested in the possibility of bringing a Bruin farm team into the Garden—the way the Canadiens worked it in Montreal. That is ominous for the Celtics.

The enthusiasm for hockey and the lack thereof for basketball was substantiated in a study made last summer of Boston fans' preferences. The Celtics—as well as the Patriots—come off as woe-begone. The only plus image of the Patriots was that they provide body contact; the most favorable thing that could be said for the Celtics' image was that their game offered lots of scoring and no tie possibilities.

Ah, hockey, though. Positive images, one-two-three, are: "body contact, excitement, fast-moving." The only negative consensus responses dealt with logistics—poor parking, good seats hard to get, etc. In this regard, it is interesting to note that while the survey gave high marks to the Red Sox, the game of baseball had little to do with this endorsement. The two major negative responses directed at the Red Sox—"lack of body contact" and "games too slow"—are virtually the same complaints offered about the sport everywhere. Baseball is appreciated in Boston like an old shoe. The positive image of the Red Sox was based on

factors that have nothing to do with the game and could be applied just as easily to account for the sustained popularity of *Brownie* or Thanksgiving dinner at Grandma's: to wit, "pleasant environment" and "long-term following."

It is logical to conclude from such evidence that Boston is an unusual sports town, with its own independent tastes, but the more closely its sports relationships are examined, the more one suspects that Boston is not so much at variance with other places as it is ahead of them. Hub Man is a harbinger, not an aberrant.

In a sense, Boston has been in retreat from national eminence since the day in 1775 when John Adams put the welfare of all the Colonies first and began to push for George Washington as commander of the Continental Army. On July 3 of that year, when Washington arrived to stand on the green at Cambridge to take command, the power began to surge out of Boston, first to Philadelphia, then to New York. Boston has had a long time to digest this fact, to make adjustments and to find new roles for itself. It has been, successively, a port, an industrial center, an educational matrix and a major research area. Greater Boston is built that way, in rings of wharves, factories, schools and laboratories, going out from the harbor to Route 128, which circles it all like the walls of ancient Baghdad.

Early on, it was evident that New York, the burgeoning power to the south, would permit Boston to be the hub of a wheel that was limited to New England. Boston is just 43 miles square, which is one-third the size of Detroit, one-tenth the size of Los Angeles. Projected 1970 census estimates indicate that only about 660,000 people still live in Boston, while the whole area, comprising 77 other towns, now has a population of nearly 3 million.

Thus, 80% of the Boston area is not Boston, which is a distinction only one other large U.S. city can claim. The 1970 census will probably show Boston proper to be the 17th largest city in the country, but Boston is still the seventh larg-

continued

est metropolitan area in the U.S. and, because it has no rival in all of New England, it is an even larger TV market. This is important.

The two major Boston sports addresses offer sharp contrasts. Boston Garden is like the city, old and quaint and huddled in the core. Fenway Park relates more to all of New England. It is in a pretty good section of town, not far from where the suburbs begin. The area lacks only parking. People drive in from all over New England, park in Providence—or somewhere—and walk to Fenway Park.

These traveling fans have no allegiance to the Patriots and will not come long distances to see them. For football in New England, fans travel to see their college teams play or they stay home and watch the New York Giants on CBS. Very few struggled downtown in the harsh winter months to see the Bruins or the Celtics, either. The only Garden attraction that draws a substantial portion of its crowd from at least 50 miles away is the ice show—traditionally a family draw.

That is what the Red Sox attract: family. The voices at Fenway are shrill and fervent, for the anticipation of youth sweeps over the place. There is total faith in the stands that today, every day, unquestionably, there will be a no-hitter or somebody will hit four home runs or two grand slams, or, at the least, a hero will tribute to his friends in the press box with an obscene gesture.

"It's the only town I know of," Jackie Jensen says, "where if you're walking down the street, a cab driver will yell: 'Hi, Jackie, how ya doin'?' It's as if they feel they know you."

There is a reason for this phenomenon. Sam Cohen says that two things on the sports page sell papers in Boston. These are baseball and championship fights. Since interesting championship fights occur nowadays with the frequency of Halley's Comet, there is a disposition in the

Boston press to write about baseball. Eternally there is no off season. The stuff pours out like lava down Krakatoa. Newspapers may disappear in Boston, but not newspaper baseball writers—they come across the diamond in a phalanx. In Boston so much baseball is bombarded at the reading populace that it is difficult not to know a lot about the Sox even if you don't want to.

If Bobby Orr played with the Red Sox instead of the Bruins, they would have to build a new public library to hold his clippings. Even now, Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Conigliaro appear to



be regular features, like the horoscope or Dear Abby. Before he ever strode to home plate in a major league game, some kid infielder named Alvarado had been come at so many ways during spring training that he was beginning to resemble the bridge at Chappaquiddick. Was Alvarado ready? Should he play third base or short? Switch Petrocelli to third? Are you crazy? Will this affect Petrocelli? Will it, in fact, affect Petrocelli if he even thinks Alvarado is being considered for short? Will it affect Alvarado if he thinks Petrocelli is affected by this possible switch? What will this do to Petrocelli's hitting? His fielding?

Alvarado's? What do teammates think of this situation? Opponents? Rival managers? Alvarado? Petrocelli? After weeks of all this, by which time Alvarado had become a name and psyche familiar to every man, woman and child in the area, the season opened with Petrocelli at short and Alvarado at third. By June Alvarado was back in the minors.

Despite the overkill, Boston writers do not live up to their image. For one thing, their potential power is limited by the fact that the money and the eggheads still scorn the Boston papers, except for occasional ventures into *The Christian Science Monitor* Tennes, which draws from the upper-class element, is likely better served by advance publicity in *The New York Times* than in local papers. Nor are Boston writers exceptionally critical.

Many are downright avuncular. Only one, Clif Keene of the *Globe*, may be classified as a character. Certainly none resemble Dave Egan, "The Colonel," who was the "Splendid Splinter's" nemesis.

Inscrutable and unpredictable when in his cups, which was often, Egan was a child of mixed parentage—Hearst, out of Harvard. The conflicts showed. He had an almost brilliant capacity to infuriate, and he came, before his death in 1958, to personify *The Boston Sports* writer. It was bad casting. In reality, Ted Williams created a monster. Not only did Williams drive Egan to escalate their feud, but the stature Williams gave Egan caused other writers to try to emulate him as a knock artist. None, however, could match The Colonel's artistry of invective. "You couldn't help but laugh," Jackie Jensen says, "even if it was your best friend he was knocking." Besides, Egan was not all the blackguard Williams made him out to be. He often stooped to mercy. He was an original and flamboyant defender of Williams when most Hub Men had taken it upon themselves to launch vicious personal attacks

against him for being a draft dodger and unfit father. Moreover, The Colonel was an utterly charming man when sober, and then his writing could become almost gooey. "He used to write columns about me that would embarrass my mother," Conny says.

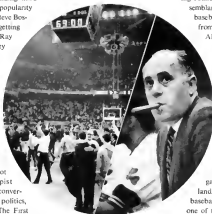
Definitely, there is a market for that kind of blarney in Boston, and elsewhere, too, as evidenced by the fact that Curt Gowdy used it as a springboard to national prominence. He was so popular in Boston that when disc jockey Bob Elliott and announcer Ray Goulding began to mimic Gowdy's drippy tag line—"This is Curt Gowdy, rounding third and heading home"—their popularity began to soar, too. "This is Steve Boscoe, rounding third and getting thrown out at home," Ray rasped hopelessly, and they promptly went on to national fame.

With the possible exception of Philadelphia's Bill Cosby, no comedians have ever leaned so heavily on sports material as Bob and Ray. This is in keeping with the surroundings, for there is a general awareness of sports in Benntown. They are accepted. Sports talk is not compartmentalized, escapist fare. It laps over into any conversation, on equal footing with politics, the Catholic Church, sex, The First National Bank and traffic on Route 128. George Frazier, the author and style arbiter, returned recently to write a regular column for the *Globe*. The column can deal with any subject—local, national, international, serious, funny. Frazier was asked by a Boston friend what subject his first column would cover. It was going on the front page. A man can write on anything in the whole damn world. What does he start with? "Joe Cronin must go," Frazier said quickly. The friend nodded, satisfied with the choice. Who are these Hub Men?

Walking down the street one day in 1867, a Hub Man by the name of Pat-

rick S. Gilmore saw a vision of "a vast structure" in his home town. Gilmore turned the dream into reality and had a gigantic Temple of Peace constructed in only three months in 1869 at a cost of \$120,750.68. The monster temple measured 500 feet by 300 feet, with the ceiling 100 feet high. It had a capacity of 50,000, and as such was the last structure erected in Boston that would satisfy the seating requirements of the National Football League. Sadly for Billy Sullivan, the Temple of Peace was blown down in a storm.

Two reactions to the construction of



the temple survive, and they are applicable to all incipient Boston stadium projects. One is that before the temple was built there was a political squabble concerning its site and the planned location had to be changed. The other is that when Gilmore arrived home to tell his wife of his vision, she fixed him with a curious stare and said: "Are you crazy?" Stadium plans are still welcomed this way in Boston.

Harvard did build its football arena—seating 37,000—in 1903, and the Red Sox, also with private funds, put up Fenway Park within the city limits in 1912. There are smaller fields that the Patri-

ots have used at Boston University (15,000) and Boston College (27,000), but that's about it for stadiums in Boston.

Fenway Park is not really a stadium anyway. It holds only 33,000 because, essentially, it is a left-field wall with seats. For years people laughed at it and said it was the ruin of the Red Sox. Especially they laughed when all over the country taxpayers were approving what were called all-purpose stadiums. They are called all-purpose because they are perfectly suited for football and also for drum-and-bugle corps competitions. These stadiums are nearly uniform, being round and deep and bearing a resemblance to a large toilet bowl. For baseball, everybody is equidistant from the plate—all too far away.

All of a sudden, the best thing that ever happened to the Red Sox was to be stuck with queer old Fenway Park. Bill Veeck says: "We're in the process of institutionalizing everything we do, standardizing all our surroundings. The wall gives Fenway a life of its own. So do the young people who attend. There is an intimacy to the park, so that you feel part of the game. I had franchises in Cleveland, which is the largest park in baseball, and in St. Louis, which was one of the smallest, and, believe me, given the choice, I'd much prefer to operate out of the smaller stadium."

The wall is so important to the sustaining popularity that Red Sox General Manager Dick O'Connell has even suggested that if Boston ever does build one of those 55,000-seat all-purpose municipal stadiums, a similar left-field wall should be constructed. This is a very sentimental thought, but, of course, the wall at Fenway could not be duplicated, especially since standardized baseball rules would require it to be at least 330 feet away. This would be like rebuilding the *Titanic* perfectly in every detail except that it would have watertight compartments that really worked.

continued

THE HUB MEN -continued

Pitchers have long called the Fenway wall "the Green Death." Others who use that epithet are football owners. The wall does nothing for football. Neither does the stadium as a whole, and sage Hub Men for generations have avoided football games at Fenway. Only rarely has a football game there managed to capture their fancy.

One such occasion happened in the mid-'30s, when George Preston Marshall's Boston Redskins played a key contest there. Standing at the top of Fenway an hour or so before kickoff, Marshall looked out with surprise toward a huge traffic jam at Kenmore Square.

"Where are all those cars going?" he asked a newspaperman standing with him. "What do you mean?" the writer said. "They're coming to the game."

Dumfounded at this turn of events, Marshall recovered quickly enough to rush downstairs and raise all the ticket prices. Unfortunately for him, the writer described Marshall's perfidy in his paper the next day, and the ensuing reaction never really subsided.

The Redskins left for Washington, the Yanks lasted only five seasons and the Patriots fell, or were pushed, out of Fenway after the '68 season. In a numbing bow to imagery, the Patriots' offices are still located within the very shadow of the left-field wall, but the team found a stop-gap playing home last fall at Boston College stadium in the suburb of Newton. Sullivan, whose fuel company supplies the archdiocese, managed this by skirting the BC athletic department and going farther up in the church school hierarchy. His team and the fans so enraged BC and the surrounding community, however, that the Patriots could not get back in again even if they wanted to.

Sullivan, who is characterized in Boston as being so charming that "he could talk a dog off a meat wagon," was a fuel company executive and one of the 10 men who put up \$25,000 each for the Patriots. Soon Sullivan was spokesman for the group, then president of the Patriots, president of the AFL and head of the Boston stadium commission. That was his big mistake; even in Boston they could smell conflict of interest there, and

Sullivan has never been permitted to live it down. "It has been a terribly upsetting thing for me and my whole family," he says.

Sullivan wanted to get his team into the Harvard Stadium, but he annoyed the Harvards by doing all his negotiating in the newspapers. By the time last December that Sullivan finally got around to officially approaching the college, he had apparently lost any chance.

Harvard formally turned the Patriots down on Jan. 26, and then a couple of months later the City Council voted 7-2 to reject yet another proposal that had been suggested by Bill Veeck. This called for construction of a stadium in the Neponset section of Dorchester with moneys derived from extra racing days that would go to Suffolk.

"I never figured I would get involved," Veeck says. "I thought Harvard would surely take them in. How could the pittance of professional feet seven times a year manage to desecrate Fair Harvard?"

With Harvard and the City Council both turning the Patriots away in quick succession, though, they were forced to go begging further afield. Various cities in other parts of the country were anxious to receive them, as was New Hampshire. The lucky sinter, however, was Foxboro, a town of 14,000 in southern Massachusetts near Providence.

Foxboro is 35 miles from Boston, the home of a state mental hospital and a trotting track. The latter, it is said, attracted the Patriots and encouraged the citizens to vote approval for a 60,000-seat stadium to be built on the track parking lot. It will not be ready until 1971, but last week Harvard finally relented and agreed to permit the Patriots the use of their stadium this coming season.

With the Patriots' departure for Foxboro goes the one fond excuse for a Boston municipal stadium. Sullivan, who has always been a stumbling block in the matter, is also removed, but the issue is really much the same as ever.

All these parochial concerns aside, however, there may be one underlying reason why the people of Boston have not seen fit to commit millions of dollars for the construction of a stadium that would

be used by a profit-making professional football team seven times a year. That reason is, of course, that the idea is ridiculous.

Shortly before Veeck's Neponset plan was voted down, Mayor White was explaining all the usual reasons why he was for a stadium. Suddenly he stopped and stared out the window toward the harbor. "It's a funny thing," he said at last.

What?

"It's just a funny thing. I want to say this right."

What is it?

"Well, I may be wrong, but the more I back this, the more I get involved in this, the more I would say that I'm not really sure how much support there is for a stadium."

He smiled at last, shyly; it was his own ironic little secret. Mayor White is not alone, however, in this revelation. Suddenly, people everywhere are becoming suspicious about stadiums. Do they really bring in \$5 million a year from out-of-town fans? And, O.K., who gets it besides the ball club, a few hotels and bars?

Mayor White estimates that no more than 30% of the population is concerned about a stadium. "There are, after all, a fair share of serious detractors," he says. "People who are concerned with the problems in our ghettos, people with a desire to see better housing in Boston and schools, hospitals, roads, air, all those things."

Wayne Embry, the former Celtic, was briefly the commissioner of recreation for Boston. For the first time the city instituted summer basketball leagues and winter hockey leagues for its children. "You can go into sections of this town," Embry said, "where absolutely no one cares about a new stadium. The argument presented is: it won't cost anybody anything; it's just 12 extra days of racing. But that's no good. If you can get 12 days of racing to build a stadium, why can't you get the same 12 days for something more important?"

This is not to suggest, necessarily, that Boston alone of all our cities cares more for urban salvation than for pro football. No, it is, simply, that in Boston the stadium missed its time, and now these are

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THE HUB MEN continued

other times. The stadium boom of the last 20 years was founded on the notion that a city that built a stadium would be rewarded—surely forever—with a major league franchise. Having a major league franchise was a form of national recognition that a city had arrived, check by jowl, with New York. Building a stadium was a small enough price to pay for that distinction.

But the generation that built such stadiums is phasing out of power. It is being replaced by a generation that has spent all its adult years with access to the best of sports on television. To these fans, teams do not represent cities. Teams are nicknames and color combinations. This generation does not ask: Can we get a franchise for our town? It asks: Can we get Channel 2 real clear?

"The Patriots are incidental in a way," says Jeff Cohen, the assistant general manager of the Celtics, who is only 29 and aware of the new TV sports constituency. "If there were the risk that we were not going to get TV games in Boston, they would march on city hall."

Is it any wonder that football fans, nurtured on TV, strangers to stadiums, care little if a new stadium is built—especially if it will cost them money and cost the town new housing or hospitals or a modicum of good air? Is it any wonder that only the diehards care whether the Patriots are in Boston or Foxboro or New Hampshire or Memphis? It should be no wonder because approximately the same thing happened several years ago. Boxing did not stop drawing because fans liked boxing any less. It was just that they liked boxing on TV more.

In fact, given the Boston situation in almost any pro football town, it is just as possible that the voters would balk at spending money for a stadium to seat 50,000 when millions at home can see for nothing. Surely, with this recognition and the possibility of pay TV, the municipal stadium boom of the '60s is through.

As usual, Boston is not out of step; it is a step in front. It should not be called the only city that will not build a stadium. It should be known as the first city that refused to. Once again, the Hub Men are coming.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOXING—SHOZO SAITO returned from a first-round knockout to win a 15-round split decision over Frankie Crawford of Los Angeles and return to the KRA Interweight title in a bout in Sendai, Japan.

FENCING—ALBERTO ANIELROO, America's 1980 Olympic bronze medalist, won the national foil championship in New York, becoming the first man to gain that title four times, and the oldest (49) ever to hold it. He defeated 21-year-old Ty Swinburn in a five-set, five-touches-to-four.

GOLF—KIRMIT ZARLEY, finishing with a five-under-par 61, shared the second victory in his six-year career in the \$125,000 Canadian Open at London, Ontario. His 72-hole total of 279, one-under-par, put him three strokes ahead of Gabe Gilbert, who earned a tie-break 73. Chi Chi Rodriguez joined for the lead going to the final round, carding a 75, tying for third with Bob Senne at 283.

GUNN—DANNA CAMPBELL won her second straight U.S. Women's Open by winning a five-hole put on the final hole for a double bogey to beat Sandra Sparks by one stroke in Montgomerie, Ga. (over 40).

HARNESS RACING—GIL HANOVER (54-20) moved to the front at the start and led all the way to win the \$24,345 Hammer-Bremer Stakes for 3-year-old trotters at Pocono Downs, with Angler out a mere yard in second, a neck ahead of Art Hill. Red Haggard drove the fastest-paced race in 2:45.15 for the race on a half-mile track, CD LUMBERIA GEORGE (53), owned by Dr. and Mrs. George Smith, took the \$25,293 dividend of the same value for drivers, beating a head-on over Adverser Raytheon, with Truack 1:34, length back in third. Ralene Reardon drove the winner, posting a notable 1:58, for the mile.

Stanley Dancer drove his own colt, MOST HAPPY FELLA (52-40) and \$2,400, to win the \$14,970 Orange County Cup for 3-year-olds in straight heats on the final day of Grand Circuit Meet (page 57). He broke the track record with a 1:46, 1/10 mile in the first heat, but lost the victory for a 3-year-old pacer on a half-mile track, having Kentucky Pail by two lengths. In the second heat Calowal was second, 2:26, length back.

Amateuring Bushnell HORTON HANOVER (51:1), a converted trotter, won his third race in a row, taking the \$25,900 Governor's Cup in Sportsman Park, beating over Orme Hammer. Favored Ron Consumer came in a half-length back in third. Jack Williams drove the winner in 1:54 for the mile.

HORSE RACING—Merton Frankel's unbeaten BARUMITE R (51:40) swept going to his first stakes

victory, winning the \$100,500 Suburban Handicap at Aqueduct by an easy 2 1/2 lengths over Verbmom, with Hylabuck third, another three lengths back. Angel Cordova Jr. guided the winner home in 2:00 1/2 for the 1 1/8 miles.

Craigwood Stable's MR. LEADER (54-20) pulled away in the stretch to a 1 1/2-length win over Kerry's Tune in the \$57,400 Stags and Sprys Handicap at Aqueduct Park, with unbeaten Roblox Rowling third. Jorge Torres rode the winner in the track-record time of 1:43 1/2, over the 5/8 mile.

PATIE CANTON (51:40) won the inaugural Ellipse mare championship of Hollywood Park, with a one-length victory over Blue Up 81 in the 1 1/8 mile \$35,450 Beverly Hills Handicap. Summer Sonny was third. Bill Shoemaker rode the winner in 2:11 on the half course.

FIDDLE PALE (55-20) galloped to his fifth consecutive win, the \$56,250 American Handicap at Hollywood Park, Jackie Bill Shoemaker brought the Howard B. Kack owner home in 1:47 1/2 over the 3/8 mile, more than three lengths ahead of Bulle, while veteran Pepsa finished third.

MOTOR SPORTS—Alabama's OGNIE ALVISON rolled to victory in the Firecracker 400 at Daytona Beach, his best finish in racing. David Pearson broke a late 71 miles from the finish. Al Unser picked up \$35,075 first place in the 303,000 event, outlasting 162 234 mph in a 1969 Ford T-bird, beating Dodge-driver Buddy Baker by 15 seconds. A second finish of July crowd of 57,500 marked out for the event.

GARY BILTE SHAULSON won the Michigan 500 at Cambridge Raceway, hitting an average 140-625 mph in his LeMans-Ordnance. He inherited the lead, and the 317,780 purse, when leader Gordon Johnson spun out spectacularly with only nine laps to go. In a consolation event for 40 mph.

A. J. FOYET led from start to finish in a Ford Taurus, posting an average speed of 140-948 mph. Two California drivers, TED HOLZ and FRANK PETERSON, won their respective 400th annual races. Frank Holt Club Fella earned up the 14,116 for in 36:40 eighth in his Chicago-based championship car, and Peterson took the stock-car event in an Oldsmobile Toronado, covering the 52.42 miles at 56:45 mph.

JACKIE RINDT of Austria added the French Grand Prix to his campaign for the Formula 1 world driving championship, winning a Lotus-Ford to victory at an average 98.47 mph for 38 laps around the 5.002-mile course.

SWIMMING—Californians TOM MCKENNON and JOHN VAN BLOOM captured the double-sault

Challenge Cup in the Royal Regatta at Heron, Ontario in England, while RILEY COLE (16) of Canada added the Ontario Club Cup to his U.S.-Canadian swimmer championships, beating Hampton Grammer School by 2 1/2 lengths. For the second straight year the Grand Challenge Cup went to EAST OF 83 MANY, which beat the Dutch entry from in 4:36, the latest time of the week.

TENNIS—JOHN NEWCOMBE defeated fellow Australian Ken Rosewall 6-3, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3, in a U.S. men's final at Wimbledon. MARGARET COURT beat Billie Jean King 14-12, 11-9, their 25-year match marking the longest women's final in 21 years (page 20).

TRACK & FIELD—Brooklyn's ATOMS TRACK CLUB's Michael McMillin (57:2), Shirley Marshall (56:1), Gail Fitzgerald (54:1) and Cheryl Townsend (57:7), broke the world record for the Women's 4x400 National Championships in Los Angeles, crossing the quarter mile in 3:41.3. MAVIN EATING won the 440 as an American record 52.9 and 75 NMD's M. STATE took the 440 relay in 4:52, also setting a U.S. mark. CHI CHE No. of the Los Angeles Track Club continued to dominate the display, winning the 100 in 10.2 and the 200 in a wind-aided 23.4 after setting a world record of 23.6 in the previous.

VALENTIN GAVRILOV, Russia's former medalist at the 1968 Olympics, duplicated 7' 2 1/2" at the Boston Zaanen's meet in Kirt and VALERY BORZOV won a gold medal in the 100, also tying the Soviet record and posting the best time in Europe this season.

Austria's KERRY O'BRIEN at a world record in the 100-meter sprint at a meet at West Berlin, clocking 8' 2 1/2" to beat the old mark by 7 of a second. Ralf Burchard posted second, almost 18 seconds behind the winner.

WRESTLING—DIED WALTER O' (Spoked) BEARDS JR., 38, former owner of the Denver T-Rex, who lived with the team from 1920 when he long lived, in Royal Oak, Mich.

OJO WATSON KNEELAND, 49, president of Churchill Downs from 1959 to 1969, who guided a \$3 million improvement program at the track, is heart attack, in Louisville.

DIED HAROLD STIRLING (Mike) VANDERBILT, international syndicator—three-time defender of the America's Cup—the organizer of several bridge and card tournaments—died Nov. 11, two days before his 86th birthday (page 9).

CREDITS

18—100: 18-21: 38-Highway 1000 Sun 28—Sixth Green Avenue 30—Italy County 31—Italy Tenth 42—Hill Scholastic 44—Clyde Tenth 45—Rough 46—Scholastic 47—Scholastic 48—Scholastic 49—Scholastic 50—Gail County 51—Gail County 52—John O' Connor 54—55—Dixie County 56—57—Scholastic 58—59—Scholastic 60—51—Scholastic 61—52—Scholastic 62—53—Scholastic 63—54—Scholastic 64—55—Scholastic 65—56—Scholastic 66—57—Scholastic 67—58—Scholastic 68—59—Scholastic 69—60—Scholastic 61—62—Scholastic 63—64—Scholastic 65—66—Scholastic 67—68—Scholastic 69—70—Scholastic 71—72—Scholastic 73—74—Scholastic 75—76—Scholastic 77—78—Scholastic 79—80—Scholastic 81—82—Scholastic 83—84—Scholastic 85—86—Scholastic 87—88—Scholastic 89—90—Scholastic 91—92—Scholastic 93—94—Scholastic 95—96—Scholastic 97—98—Scholastic 99—100—Scholastic 101—102—Scholastic 103—104—Scholastic 105—106—Scholastic 107—108—Scholastic 109—110—Scholastic 111—112—Scholastic 113—114—Scholastic 115—116—Scholastic 117—118—Scholastic 119—120—Scholastic 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THE READERS TAKE OVER

TONY

Sirs:

Three years ago I felt sorry for a fine and unfortunate young athlete whose career was tragically interrupted. Now I realize he never needed anyone's pity—he had enough himself to fill Fenway Park. I was disappointed to read the play-by-play description of an immature and self-centered man's epic struggle from "near death" to the pinnacle of glory and publicity, which he so coveted. The article said more about the praise Congiario was constantly expecting from Williams and never once gave Williams' point of view!

STEVE RUBE

St. Louis

Sirs:

I was greatly disturbed by the statements Tony Congiario made in his book, *Seeing It Through*, concerning Boston's ex-manager, Dick Williams. It has become acutely apparent to myself and many others that the Red Sox are a team made up mainly of prima donnas. It was also obvious that Dick Williams, after the 1967 season, did not hold the reins of the club. Many so-called superstars, such as Congiario and Carl Yastrzemski, were repeatedly allowed to go over Williams' head and complain to the higher management every time he tried to retain some form of discipline on the team. True, Williams was not always a gentleman, and at times even openly criticized his players. However, one can only wonder how a gutsy, competitive man such as Dick Williams could contain himself in the country-club attitude of the Red Sox.

It was apparent to me that Congiario was criticizing Williams' manliness when he complained of Williams' indifference to him. This is completely discounted by the actions during a recent exhibition game at Montreal where Dick Williams was coaching. Before the game, a select few of the Red Sox, including Congiario and Yastrzemski, could not even face Williams, whereas George Scott, a man whom Williams criticized greatly, had a lengthy conversation with his old skipper.

For the record, give me a team with Williams as manager (1967 American League Champions) rather than one without him and with Congiario (32-34 as of June 25, 1970).

PETER LEVIN

Boston

Sirs:

The fact that it takes a great amount of courage for Tony Congiario to step

into that batter's box every time up doesn't seem to make much of an impression on Boston fans. They have been booring him incessantly the last few weeks for a few fielding losses and acting as if it's all his fault the Red Sox are 40-36 and eight games behind the Orioles. At this writing Tony is hitting .290 with 15 homers and 44 RBIs. If these so-called "fans" want someone to boo, look out at the mound. Not one Sox pitcher, starter or reliever, has an ERA below 2.81. So keep blasting them, Tony. Maybe someday Boston will get some pitchers with as much courage as you have.

PHIL ADAMS

Quincy, Mass.

MORE, MORE

Sirs:

The reports from Mexico City (June 22, 29) on the World Cup matches were excellent. Tex Maule showed in these articles and the two articles he wrote about the Chelsea-Leeds F.A. Cup finals that he has a fine understanding of the game of soccer. His analysis of the Brazil-Italy final superbly examined the subtle changes in theme a match can produce. Let's see more on this, the world's most popular and exciting sport.

DUNN O'CONNOR

Greenville, S.C.

NOO

Sirs:

We enjoyed Dan Jenkins' story about the U.S. Open (*Tony's a Shark at Pasture Pool*, June 29) and his comments on the one-liners about Hazeltine. He missed the best one, though, delivered by Lee Trevino at the first tee on Sunday, the final day of the tournament.

Trevino was 13 strokes off the lead on a course he had once called "the toughest in the world." Saturday he had swatted his way around Hazeltine, cursing, complaining and throwing his arms into sand traps.

Sunday he was in better humor. Well-wishers saw him off at the first tee, and Lee threw us his one: "I'm just gonna try and finish without hurtin' myself."

BILL AND MARCIA PEARSON

Ceresco, Neb.

Sirs:

I can't believe it! Dave Hill, a man from Jackson, Mich., complaining about cows and corn? He should have felt right at home.

R. J. KVASNICKA

Flint, Mich.

Sirs:

Dave Hill's comparison of Hazeltine was critical, but Gary Player's criticism of Hill was hypocritical.

I can recall Player's remarks remarking with the committee's choice of Oakmont (Pa.) Country Club as the site of the 1962 Open. His diatribe may not have been as caustic as Hill's, but his displeasure at the playing conditions was eloquent.

By offering agrarian advice to Bobby Trent Jones, Hill in effect was admitting Hazeltine was a tremendous challenge, but that he had the strength of character to go out and beat it into submission. The others, Player included, were obviously not able to cope with the demands the course made. Had they used the same self-motivation as Dave, they might have fared better.

Anyway, sport, especially golf, needs characters such as Hill. Superhumans, such as Arnold Palmer, don't come along every day—or even every decade, and until they do, controversial characters such as Hill and Richie Allen will provide the attraction to the bill-paying public.

Let's not reduce golf's touring pros to the level of the nonentities who comprise most of organized professional sports today.

GEORGE FURNBERG

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Bravo to Dan Jenkins for an excellent and articulate story that captured the essence of the state of affairs, at Hazeltine in particular and of professional golf in general. So many of today's pros seem to take offense when confronted with a course that requires adaptation and a little thought; their formula seems to be, "Power Plus Putt = Money." As a native Minnesotan, I find the arrogance and superiority complex of these few humorously ignorant.

Tony Jacklin combined the ability to adapt, the willingness to think, and the sophistication to accept the Upper Midwest and its tests of golf without musing how they should be—and that is a champion that we, as well as Great Britain, can be very proud of and a champion that many American pros could well emulate.

PFC DAVID W. FYTEN

Fort Bliss, Texas

Sirs:

One of the more serious aspects of the brash young man whose criticism of Hazeltine will weigh heavily upon his future was his failure to follow the very basic teachings of his own profession.

The game has always stressed courtesy, particularly from one who plays at a club and on a course not his own. Hazeltine was no more difficult for Hill than for his peers. As a pro he is supposed to have the

continued

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shots in his game to solve normal and abnormal conditions of play.

I'm afraid young Mr. Hall may be listening to moos at the top of his backswing for a long time to come.

And God help him if he ever plays across the big sand trap which is called Hazen City Country Club where my comrade Lee and his local fleas would make hash of his game, his purse and his mouth.

D. W. LOMAX

Lexington, Mo.

SLOW DOWN

Sirs,

Regarding Mark Mulvey's article on Shirley Englehorn and her success on the L.P.G.A., your *Five all the series* to "Daze," June 29, Miss Englehorn is certainly to be commended for her fine play and her courage in doing so well despite serious physical problems. However, there is a point when "competitive fire" oversteps the bounds of proper sportsmanship and becomes gamesmanship instead.

That Miss Englehorn would purposely employ slowdown tactics to upset her opponent, and have these tactics reported in a favorable light, does a disservice to golf and golfers everywhere.

PAUL R. LYNCH

Muraga, Calif.

IN DEFENSE

Sirs,

I take violent exception to your closing sentence in the SCORECARD item (June 22) concerning the NHL draft: "someone named Paul Terbenche, who scored five goals for Portland last year." If goal scoring is what your knowledge of a player is based upon, no wonder you sound rather vague at the mention of Paul Terbenche. Portland Buckaroo fans don't know Paul as a scorer of many goals either. To us he is a hard-working defenseman more noted for blocking shots on goal than for scoring goals. Many times during last season I've seen him drop to the ice and take a shot full in the chest to keep the opposing team from scoring. Many times the only thing between the puck and the net was Paul Terbenche. He was sadly moved after a groin injury sidelined him near the end of the season. (You may have heard that of six defensemen beginning the season with the Portland Buckaroos, five were lost through injury just at the end of the season.) It's my opinion that Buffalo will be better off for having drafted him. Good luck to Buffalo and good luck to Paul Terbenche.

MRS. NEIL G. KINNAN

Portland, Ore.

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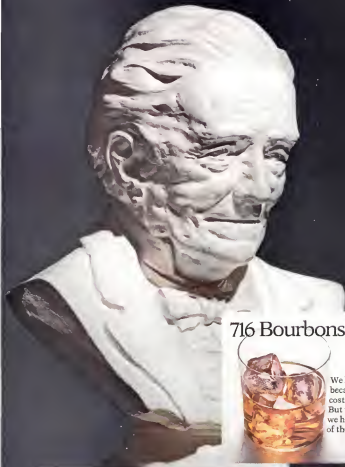
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